

ADAM

FACT • FICTION • HUMOR

60c

OCTOBER 1976

REGISTERED FOR POST
U.S. MAIL PERMIT NO. 100
NEW YORK, N.Y.



HELLBOUND
EXPRESS

Page 26



THE AUSTRALIAN

HOT RODDING

REVIEW

 \$1.25*
 per copy (incl. GST)

**THE GREAT
GETAWAY
CAR...**


...Tony Kurchel's Deuce Sedan ▶

**STREET
MACHINE
SPECIAL**
'40 FORD FEATURE

BLISNEY • SPOTLER'S CRUISE • THE TOP '40s

FREE HORSEPOWER

HOT RODDING

REVIEW

SEPTEMBER/NOVEMBER ISSUE

FOR THE REAL CAR FREAK!

For dyed-in-the-wool rodders, there's a special feature on some of the best '40 Fords around. For the mild custom freak, there's "the van from Mars"; an FC Holden running a 350 mill; and an incredible custom Beetle.

PLUS—FEATURE ON THE NEW ZEALAND ROD SHOW; A GREAT TECHNICAL ARTICLE ON "FREE HORSEPOWER"—AND A LOT MORE!



THE AUSTRALIAN HOT RODDING REVIEW—SEPTEMBER/NOVEMBER ISSUE
WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSAGENT!

CONTENTS

FACT

POUNO — THE NAZI TORTURER OF STALAG 12	
	Neil Tarnhill 10
THE EQUALISER	David Edwards 18
THE CHEESEBOX THAT SHOOK THE WORLD	
	Graham Andrews 24
THE SEARCH FOR THE BLOODIEST TREASURE	
	J. G. O'Brien 30
ORACULA: VAMPIRE OR NICE GUY?	Harriett Richards 34

FICTION

NIGHT VISIT	Grant Glastonbury 4
MOANA	J. Edward Brown 16
HELLBOUND EXPRESS	Mike Rader 26
THE ROARING KILL	T. T. Flynn 40
THE SQUAO	Orson McLeod 48
THE CLOCKWORK CAPER	Alan Tate 50

PIN-UPS	9, 33, 49, 59
----------------	---------------

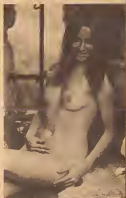
GIRL FEATURES

FLOWER SONG	14
HIGH FLYER	22
SUSAN BROWN	44
BIRD OF PARADISE	74

ADAM

OCTOBER, 1976

VOL 61, No. 5



Printed by Kesteven Photo
Pty Ltd, 80 Gentry Street,
North Lithgow, NSW,
2141. Published by The K.
G. Murray Publishing
Company Pty Ltd, 142
Clarence Street, Sydney,
2000.

DISTRIBUTORS:
GORDON & GOTH
AUSTRALIA LTD, MEL-
BOURNE, THE K. G.
MURRAY PUBLISHING
COMPANY PTY LTD,
SYDNEY.

Annual subscription rate to
address in Australia —
\$6.00. Other countries —
\$11.00. *Recommended
price.

Because of the new
Australian Postal
Commission charges, it is
no longer possible to
return manuscripts or reply
to letters unless return
postage, in stamps or
international reply
coupons, is included.





Night Visit

FICTION/Grant Glestonbury

They came in the night. Four against one. But underestimated a man's love for his woman.

ALTHOUGH the countryside was cold, our small, stone farm house was warm and snug made. The dim light from the open fire and kerosene lanterns added to the comfortable atmosphere, making the real world seem far away. My wife of five weeks, Julie, was washing herself from a plastic bowl of steaming water when I first heard the sound of the engine.

We had moved into the house only a week before and in that time hadn't heard many vehicles nearby, so the sound of this one caused me to leave the bathroom I was washing and to walk outside. The chill July breeze made the tips of my ears burn as I searched the darkness for the source of the sound.

The major roads in that area were five kilometres apart and were linked by a dirt track that dipped and twisted itself through the mallee scrub. Our own track or driveway was perhaps 500 metres long, running from the other and provided the only access to the house.

Still distant, the motor roared and then faded as it made its way through the gullies and creeks that crossed the rough track at regular intervals. I was about to turn back inside when I glimpsed a shaft of bright, white light spewing through the trees. Spotlights.

"See anything?" Julie asked when I came indoors.

"Spotlights," I told her and the distant rolling boom of a shotgun fell-stopped the word.

Julie looked up apprehensively as she heard the report, so I went over and put my hands on her smooth, bare shoulders. "Nothing to worry about," I soothed, "it's just some farmer shooting a fox or rabbit — poach."

She moved closer to me and I

revelled in the sensuous warmth of her naked body.

"I'm so glad I'm with you," she purred, "you wouldn't let anything happen to us, would you?"

"Of course I wouldn't my love. Look, if it'll make you feel any better I'll load the rifle."

"Oh, yes please, Jeff, anything. I know it's silly of me, but nearly every day I read in the paper that someone's been murdered — like that couple in Queensland."

I went into the bedroom, slipping over the paintpots and gear that was lying around, picked up my .22 Ruger and a box of ammunition and went back to Julie.

"The chances of something like that happening to us must be a million to one — more likely, I can look after us, no worries."

I had been out a year after two towns in Warr and that was one of the things that had made me want to get out into the country, away from people — away from the city. Julie had been sympathetic and hadn't liked the city much herself, so we bought that place and the 70-odd acres it stood on, using a war service loan. The plan was that I would write the Great Australian Novel while raising some animals and growing vegetables to keep us from starving and from using our bank balances to excess. I had a lot of things to say about that Asian war and was determined to present it, crime, corruption and all to the people of the world.

Julie finished her wash as I stood the now loaded rifle over the fireplace against the wall. Outside the engine now still roared and fell, but was definitely closer. I watched Julie pull on a flimsy wrap, a present from my brother, and for the thirteenth time thanked my lucky stars for finding a girl like her.

The vehicle was getting very close by then. "I think we may be having visitors, Hon," I said.

Her face was tense as we listened to the vehicle's approach, the crunch of stone and the squeak of a spring. I parted her hair and went outside.

It was coming up our drive all right. The brilliant light caught me in its glare making me look away. Julie stood in the doorway watching the platform of light approach, holding her wrap tight around her against the cold. The car broke clear of the scrub and rolled toward us, spotlight steady on our figures. The doors shut behind me as Julie went in, probably to change.

I could see only vague shapes on the tray of the utility that pulled to a halt a couple of metres away from me. The headlights and the spot died almost simultaneously, dying to an orange glow before fading altogether, followed by the motor.

The doors opened and then slammed as two people got out of the cab and I heard a foot bang against metal as others jumped from the rear.

"Hello," I said.

Someone grunted what could have been a greeting and apprehension rose in my stomach as the dark shapes stretched over the dirt towards me.

Julie opened the door and the yellow headlights spilled out, dimly illuminating our guests as they drew nearer. There were four of them, dressed in jeans and jackets of various types, and all of them wore wooden knitted hats pulled down around their ears.

"Any luck?" I asked as they stopped in front of me.

"Nah," one of them said. He was wearing a check lumberjacket and had a belt with a sheath knife slung around his waist on the outside of the coat.

"Quest as a prize," said another, who was wearing a khaki denim jacket over a leather one — a rig I had seen on a few motorcycle boys — to keep the wind out, I'm told.

The conversation died then, and we stood around in what was for me an uncomfortable silence. I knew they were waiting for me to invite them in out of the cold but I had no desire to do so. Maybe it was the conversation I'd had with Julie that had put me on edge, made me wary of these guys, who, in all probability were just innocent hunters. At last one of them spoke - it was lumber-jacket.

"Got any beer?"

refused them and besides, I was probably imagining things, being a little poisoned.

"Sure, come on in."

I stood back and they filed past me, leaving the smell of stale beer hanging in the air.

"Sorry about the mess," I said, indicating the carvings and the rolls of huckin' strewn about the floor, "we're renovating."

They said nothing and made for the table where they occupied the

were staring at Julie was really getting on my nerves. She had changed from the wrap into a jumpsuit and jeans, and it was obvious by the way her breasts moved beneath the material that she hadn't bothered to wear a bra.

Curiously, I glanced at the rifle and was pleased to note that it was all but invisible in the shadow thrown by the raised hinged of the fire place. Then I saw something that caused me to tense my jaw - the two bottles of champagne were sitting in full view on the mantelpiece above the fire, innocently reflecting the yellow light of the lanterns hanging from the ceiling.

Suddenly I was glad they were watching Julie, after all looks wouldn't hurt her, but there might well be trouble if they saw those bottles. The kettle boiled and Julie lifted, then served the mugs. As she leaned across the table, one of the guys who had so far said nothing, a lean character with straggly blond hair escaping from beneath his hat, murmured something I didn't catch into Julie's ear. She flushed and shot a quick glance at me before returning to the stove.

My anger started to rise, but I didn't know what he said or even if he had been offensive, so I bit my lip and silently urged them to drink up and get out. Julie came over, face stony, carrying two aluminum trays for us. The mugs dragged as we all sipped the hot liquid in silence - there was definitely something in the air, I knew it wasn't imagination by then, so I unconsciously positioned myself a pace away from the hidden rifle.

It was the short, stocky individual who sported the champagne. I saw his eyes narrow as he tried to read the labels from the table, so was ready when he spoke.

"Thought you said you didn't have any booze, pal," he sniped.

"That stuff is private. A gift - not for drinking."

Shorty put his cup down and slowly stood up. He walked past Julie and me and picked up a bottle.

"Course it's for drinking," he said and waved it at his mate who grinned. Encouraged, he started to peel the foil from the neck.

I made my voice hard and flat, "Put that back."

He stopped and looked at me, eyes glancing, "You going to make me?"

His mates were very still, watching intently. The one in the denim jacket ground his cigarette out on the table top and half rose, only to be waved down by lumber-jacket.



"I've already told you more than I was told myself."

"No, I'm sorry."

"Any booze at all?"

"Not a drop I'm afraid." That wasn't quite true, for we had a couple of bottles of champagne passed from our wedding reception, but damned if I was going to give those to them.

"How about a cup of coffee then? It's bloody cold on the back of that thing," lumber-jacket said, indicating the whisky.

What could I do? If there was going to be any trouble I'd get it off I

only four chairs we possessed. Julie filled the large, blackened kettle from the maverick tap and set it on the wood stove which we kept burning all the time.

"You blokes from around here?" I asked.

Lumber-jacket seemed to be the only one who heard me - the others were watching my wife. "From the sticks," he said, waving vaguely in the direction of Adirondack.

I was liking the situation less and less by the minute, the way they

I looked back at Shorty. "I told you to put that back and I mean it," I was stoked for action — ready to move.

Shorty stared motionlessly into my eyes, held the bottle out at arm's length and let it fall on to the stone hearth.

I kicked him in the knee-cap and as he went down I leaned to one side, picked up the rifle and swung it into position.

Everybody froze in various poses, except Shorty who was rolling around in some discomfort.

"Out," I said — nobody moved. I worked the slide on the rifle, the mechanical click snap very loud in the silent room.

"Out," I repeated and raised the weapon to my shoulder.

Slowly they backed toward the door, Shorty lagging after them. I followed, keeping a hand on them and they got into their car.

"Against the wall," I whispered to Julie, who was white and shaking — I didn't want her in the way if the boys decided to mix it.

The starter whined and the motor fired with a roar — it seemed they were going to leave without any trouble. The car moved off slowly with the lights still off, probably to present the hardest possible target in case I decided to shoot. They couldn't have bothered — I didn't want any strife.

The wind had them, as it often did after sunset and the low grumble of



"My advice to you is to leave the boys in the lurch and hope somebody steals it."

the engine was maddening within a couple of minutes. I shot the door and Julie fell into my arms and burrowed her head against my chest. "That was awful," she said, close to tears.

"Oh, they had just had a bit much to drink, that's all — they wouldn't have tried to hurt us." I hoped I sounded more confident than I actually was. Those guys were capable of anything, as long as they had the upper hand, I knew that

because there'd been men like them in Texas — men who, if they found themselves with some kind of power — be it the power of weapons or numbers they would use it as if they were God. It only needed one of the type in a group and it could affect the others — that's what happens at restaurants.

Julie was holding me tight, clinging to the security I represented.

"Let's go and stay in town tonight, Jeff. Please I don't want to stay here, not after this."

It wasn't a bad idea really, we had to go in to do some shopping the next day anyway, and those guys just might come back.

"Okay," I said, "put your things together."

"Thank you darling," she said, "I'll be all right tomorrow, I promise." She kissed me lightly on the mouth and ran into the bedroom. I squatted on the hearth and picked up the mess of broken glass, my mind racing over the behavior of our would-be assailants.

Within a few minutes Julie appeared in the bedroom doorway with a suitcase in one hand and as she opened her mouth to say something there was a tremendous explosion and a kitchen window burst inward, showering shards of glass in a sparkling cloud across the room. Shotgun. She thought rapididly of herself as I flung myself at Julie's legs.

She looked stunned — checked I brought her to the floor heavily as two other weapons blazed in quick succession but with no visible effect. One was the crack of a .22 and the other a heavier weapon, 303 or



"The editor is busy right now. Won't you sit down?"

7.62 mm — a familiar sound from the army.

"Keep down," I barked at Julie. An old enemy, fear, twisted its claws into my muscles, but I wasn't worried. Fear is a thing you learn to live with, even use for impetus, in combat and the feeling expelled me back through the years and I was a soldier again.

The first thing was to douse the two lamps — without starting a fire, so I crawled, crawling through the film of glass as a broom standing next the stove. Then I raised the head of the broom and inserted it through the wire handle of the nearest lantern, lifted it off the hook and lowered it. The 32 out the front drilled two small holes in my newly plastered wall and was followed a second later by the detonation of the larger rifle which reduced a circle of plaster the size of my hand to powder that floated down and peppered Julie's hair.

It took me only a few seconds to get the other lamp down and out at the cost of another handful of plaster. Only the gro in the bedroom to go. I moved into the room, giving Julie's shoulder a reassuring squeeze as I passed. The shotgun roared before the head of the broom could reach the lamp. Once again the air was full of flying glass and the broom handle was wrenched from my grasp.

I shook my head and plaster fell from my hair with a tickle. It was dark. Shotgun had hit the lantern as well.

The house was in darkness except for the faint glow of the hot coals in the fireplace and stove. I sat there on the floor for a minute analyzing the situation. There were at least two rifles on the kitchen side of the house and the shotgun on the bedroom side. That meant that they either only had three weapons between the four of them or one wasn't playing — at the moment. I must assume that there were four firearms out there, to do otherwise would be foolhardy. So it was two out the front and two out the rear, and I had to get them before a mooket got Julie or me — or they attacked.

I didn't think they would attack, it was obvious they were amateurs. I knew that from looking at them, they looked that certain indecipherable something that recently returned soldiers have and besides they hadn't shifted positions after their shots — the angle of fire showed that, Muzzle flashes at night are often the only target available.

The first thing I had to do then, was to get Julie safe, and the best

place would be the cellar under the kitchen floor. She raised no objections when I lifted the trap door and helped her down. I thought that was very conspicuous of her as we hadn't cleared the thing out yet and it was full of spider webs and God knows what.

"I'll give you a darn — dumbbly —

"PHANTOM STRIPPER" COLLARED BY COPS



Albany, NY's "Phantom Stripper", the beautiful blonde who had stripped for construction workers during lunchtimes at the Albany Mall site, was finally arrested by alert cops as she finished her act to thunderous applause, cheers and whistles. In court, the girl, who is from Uncasville, Pa., was charged with indecent exposure and released on \$25 bail.

She immediately returned to the Mall area and stripped to her bra and bikini pants; again, the cops intervened. She told reporters that she would like every construction worker who enjoyed her act to contribute 25 cents to charity.

ding down on the floor when it's safe to come out. Don't you move unless you hear that Okay?"

She said it was and I shot her down there, covering the trap with the rag we stood on while washing ourselves.

There hadn't been a shot since the bedroom and I wondered if they were sneaking up to the windows or if they'd gone away. I gathered my

rifle and the spare ammunition, then got to my feet beside the kitchen door and reached across to the knob.

I decided to make my move from that side of the house because I had no desire to tangle with the shotgun unless it was absolutely unavoidable — the world's poorest shot becomes deadly with one of those things in his hands.

The door swung slowly inward after I twisted the knob. Both weapons barked from the yard and something inside the kitchen crashed as it was hit. Ducking below the window sill I grabbed the yellow plastic washing bowl and hung it on the end of the broom handle. Then I lay on the floor and eased an eye around the door frame until I had a fairly good view of the yard. I waved the bowl in the opening and all hell broke loose. The weapons poured fire through the doorway for a good half minute, sending the bowl spinning from the attack.

"Aagh!" I yelled. The big rifle was a 303 — I could tell that from its rate of fire — slower, as it was a bolt action.

There was a silence, during which I obtained my ears for any movement that would indicate their changing of positions. Nothing. I grinned to myself — they were still where their mucko flashes had told me they were.

"Reckon we got him," one of them said and I was pleased to note his voice was shaky.

My rifle was aimed directly at the place the speaker had fired from — I didn't want to give myself away until I had a sure shot. He was about 20 meters away almost in front of the door, lying behind a rusting piece of water tank that I'd not got around to removing. There was a striking sound — he was standing up. I saw him then — a darker blob than the rest of the blobs that dotted the yard.

I took a breath, released half of it, held and squeezed the trigger. There was a grunt followed by falling noise. By the time the noise had finished I was nearly to the old, concrete water trough that was a couple of metres away and to the side of the kitchen door.

"Shoot?" No answer. "Shoot — you all right?" Nothing.

There was about five metres of open ground between me and the surrounding scrub at its closest point — if I could get in there I'd really have the tables turned.

After a couple more calls to his mate, the guy out in front of me started to move to investigate. Even

(Continued on page 54)





A World War II G.I.'s 30-Year Vengeance Hunt

THE NAZI TORTURER OF STALAG 12-- FOUND IN THE U.S.



SARF: photo of Clinton Metz (circled) taken in Stalag 12 confirmed Lowry's belief that Metz was Fred Schmidt—test safety inspector...

by NEIL TURNBULL

LIKE many lonely, single men who had recently moved into a new town, Al Lowry spent most of his nights in a favorite tavern.

Just before midnight on April 3, the tall, powerfully built steel worker straggled from the Blue Raven bar. Usually he nursed a few beers for hours, played cards or

shuffleboard to kill time. However, on this particular evening, he'd had had a dozen shots of bourbon, trying to briefly blot out the prison that had tormented him for days.

The dimly lit street was empty except for a few parked cars. Feeling the effects of the whiskey, Lowry headed across toward his Chevy coupe. He didn't hear the approaching car—running with headlights off—until it was almost on him. He turned in alarm, saw the dark mass of the vehicle hurtling toward him with its engine roaring!

Despite his dulled reflexes, Lowry moved with instinctive speed. He ran toward his car,

and the other auto seemed to follow his course. The left front bumper was less than five feet away when Lowry leaped forward onto the Chevy's roof, desperately groping for a handhold. The car skidded into the side of the Chevy with an impact that threw Lowry off the top to the sidewalk beyond. He landed on his back, his vision becoming a swirl of blue as the air was forced out of his lungs.

By the time Al Lowry got to his feet, the other car had backed off, booming away at top speed. He stared after it in fear and rage, unsuccessfully trying to catch the license



LOWRY's buddy, Mark Jacobson, was badly injured in fiery accident (above) when he lost control of car he'd borrowed from Lowry. He didn't suspect tampering—until the next "accident"...

Working in the same plant with Lowry was the kraut butcher who'd tortured and murdered his friends in a POW camp. And now it was time for retribution...



"I don't mind if you steal a kiss, Anne. But as long as you're going to steal, why don't you steal something worthwhile?"

number. The car, tires squealing, whipped around a corner and vanished from view.

The shaken Lowry turned toward his Chevy, now that the tide had been badly spent. Testing your boarborn rhine in his throat, he tried to regain control of his body, quivering with a mixture of relief and blinding anger. It was Dieter Metz, he thought. The Kraut bastard tried to murder me! And there isn't a thing I can do about it. Nobody else even seems to give a damn.

The bizarre confrontation between Al Lowry and former POW camp guard Dieter Metz had its roots in the notorious Stalag-Luft XII, north of the German city of Stuttgart. A native of Wheeling, West Virginia, Lowry enlisted in the Army Air Corps the day after his 18th birthday and was sent overseas as a B-17 gunner early in 1944. On his eighth bombing mission, young Lowry's Flying Fortress, hit by anti-aircraft fire, crashed in flames.

Lowry and three other crew members parachuted to safety, were captured by German troops within minutes. His fellow airmen — all officers — were sent to a camp in the north, Lowry, to Stalag XII, an enlisted men's prison. The "introductory" speech to new prisoners was given by SS Sergeant Dieter Metz, the chief guard. A short but muscular man, only a few years older than Lowry Metz had a cruel, determined face.

"Three months ago, there was an

soldier — just prisoners, with no more rights than the Jewish fifth I guarded before. Any infraction of the rules will result in severe punishment. If I had my way, you would all have been shot as soon as your feet touched German soil. Al Stalag XII, it will merely take a little longer."

As guards with machine guns marched the POWs to their barracks, Lowry struck up a whispered conversation with a wary, redheaded belly gunner named Lester Flapps. "What the hell is Anschwitz?" he asked.

"Search me," Corporal Flapps replied. At that stage of the war, few people outside Germany knew about Hitler's extermination camps. "But there's one thing I do know. That segment mean."

The months that followed confirmed Flapps' statement. Dieter Metz ran the camp with methods more brutal than in any other Nazi military prison. Although against Geneva Convention rules, POWs were whipped for minor rule infractions, soaked up in underground concrete "bug cages" for weeks of solitary confinement. More than two dozen GIs were shot in the back by Metz's troops during "attempted escapes," intentionally set up by the chief guard.

"God, we have to break loose," Lou Flapps, who had become Lowry's best friend, said again and



"No, Pss 'What? THIS is 'Wabap?'"

again. "Meiz ain't going to let any of us out of here alive! He's crazy!"

In October, Lowry, Phipps and the other men in their barracks completed a tunnel under the barbed wire. On the night of October 14, the prisoners made their move, slipping one by one into the narrow shaft. Lowry and Phipps were the last two to go. Phipps had just lowered himself through the lowered floorboards when they heard the wall of wire, the distant clatter of machine guns.

"They've spotted the guys!"
Lowery grunted.

Seconds later, the barracks door was flung open and a squad of guards entered, leveling automatic weapons.

Only Lowmy and Flippo escaped cooperation in the break — and soon afterward washed they hadn't. While Sergeant Nitz looked on with sadistic amusement, the young women were pitched into the underground punishment cells. Lowmy was to remain there for two months, surrounded by constant darkness, choking in the smell of his own excrement, tossed handfuls of potato peelings and rotting turnips twice a day.

But even in his pain, the vision of Sister Vera's face dominated his thoughts. I'll kill him, he thought again and again, with hatred to keep him alive. Someday I'll kill him.

At last, after eight weeks, the six-foot-overhead doors of the Pen were flung open. Hands pulled Lowy to the surface. It took several moments for his eyes to grow accustomed to the light. Through the searing blur of his vision, he saw with astonishment that the men around him wore U.S. infantry fatigues and GI steel helmets. The stink had been

"My body..." Lowry gasped weakly. "Lee Phipps is the next!"

"We got him out already," a staff sergeant said, studying Lowery with his men. "Poor guy's been dead at least a week."

Later, after wading down a mile of C-rations, and changing into clean clothes, Lowry learned that the guard force had abandoned the camp hours before the US Army arrived, taking the other POWs with them. "You were lucky, soldier," the staff sergeant said. "I guess the Koreans just forgot that you and your pal were buried there. Must have been in one hell of a hurry to clear out."

All Lowry spent the rest of the war in various hospitals, his emaciated body slowly regaining strength. Strangely, even though he

was now mine, the face of Doctor Morte — the murderer of his best friend — still haunted his mind. It was a face he would never forget.

In the years that followed, of course, the horrors of Slavic Hell faded from his thoughts. Lowry secured his discharge, went back to Waukegan, found work in a steel mill, slipped into the routine of an average working man. He married, had two sons, watched them grow into manhood. Both boys were in the service when Lowry's wife died of a heart ailment. Shortly afterward, the soil where he had worked for 33

beard in his hands when he made out the so imperfectly familiar features. The once-blond hair — still close-cropped — had reddened and turned grey. The flat-nosed face had grown slightly puffy. The huffing body had put on 20 extra pounds. But in every other respect, the man was either Metz or his exact double, even down to a tiny, jagged scar in the left corner of his mouth.

"Jesus, what's the matter, Al?" a go-walker asked. "You've gone dead white."

"That man who just went by," Lowry replied in a half-strangled



"I want him arrested for rape! He didn't pay me."

years closed down. Through a friend, he found another job in a small Midwestern city. With nothing to hold him in Wheeling, he sold his home and moved to the distant town.

Lowery had been at his new job, working a short steel forge, more than a month before he saw Doctor Metz. He was taking a brief break from his labor when three men in white shirts walked past. The figure in the lead, carrying a clipboard and taking pencilled notes, passed within two feet of Lowery.

The ex-GP's health resumed to

voice. "The one with the clipboard. You know him?"

"Sure. Fred Schmidt, the head of the safety inspection team comes through every couple of weeks. Nazi race pay. Pays Santa Claus every year at the Christmas party the union gives for the kids."

"Is he German? Not background, I mean. An immigrant from Germany?"

"Well, I don't know. Got a little bit of a Knott account but no does Lawrence Walk and he was born in South Dakota. I read that in TV Guide." (Continued on page 33)



Flower Song



MOANA

FICTION/J. Edward Brown

Devilled kidneys? A choice piece of rump? Or perhaps a grilled thumb. And don't forget to pass the sauce.

I'VE PICKED up a lot of women in my short time at sea. But within 24 hours I wondered about this one. Had I picked Moana up, or had she picked me up? What had she been doing in a seaport town like Lyttelton? It was a grimy, cold town, high hills surrounding it, the sun rose about 9 am and set at 3 pm.

I'd gone into the first pub up off the wharf, which is about as far as the normal seamen ever get. I went into the cocktail lounge, it had foreign tables, plastic-covered chrome-plated chairs, a stained carpet. And this Maori girl sitting on a stool. She stood out like a leading light to a fairway. I gazed my helm and came up alongside her.

"Buy you a drink?"

"All right," she said. Smiled.

And I wondered if I had made a mistake. In New Zealand there are few professional pros, there are too many enthusiastic amateurs, though maybe some are more enthusiastic than others.

But she wasn't the type of girl I'd thought she was. Then I thought maybe she was drinking. What the hell. I bought her a gin and I had a beer.

We talked. She was a model, so she said, and beautiful.

Then we had a meal in a cafe, much like the pub, plastic and formica, steak and eggs. She ate as much as I did, and I can put it away. It was cheap. Not that that worried me, I had money burning a hole in my pocket. On a container ship we have very little time in port. Twenty-four hours was usual, though this time we were lucky, it was 48 hours. And then the long run to the States.

She had a car, one of those dinky English small sedans. She drove well. There was no fancy business, not right then anyway. She said they had a law in New Zealand that car owners had to use their seat belts, so I was strapped in my seat and she in hers. Makes it difficult.

We went through the long tunnel to the city. Under the orange sodium lights her skin was purple. She didn't look at me. And I guess it was that I first felt vaguely uneasy. She was remote, detached, as if she was doing a job.

That was Saturday night. And it was very pleasant.

Sunday afternoon we went to the museum. She was the thoughtful, intellectual type. No Moody hair. But I went along. I got quite a kick out of her. She talked to me as an equal, not an ignorant uncouth seaman. Which was a change.

We stood at the smoked heads of Maoris in a glass case. They were tattooed, teeth bared. Once they had been humans.

A museum attendant came over. "Aren't they something?" he said.

"Yes," I said non-committally. I looked at Moana. Perhaps those heads had been her ancestors. I felt a little uncomfortable, I wouldn't have liked my ancestor's hands to be on exhibition for bored Sunday visitors to start at.

She looked distinctly at the attendant. He was an old man in a blue uniform with silver buttons on it.

"What happened to the rest of their bodies?" I asked.

"They would have been eaten," the attendant said casually.

Moana shuddered and I felt her hand tighten in mine.

"This is the best display of smoked Maori heads the country," he said proudly.

"Let's get out of here," Moana said. We moved away from him. "I'd like to eat him," she said fiercely.

"You wouldn't - would you?"

"I would."

I suddenly felt a little nervous. "You people were cannibals."

"A long time ago."

Sunday night we went to this apartment on the top floor of a 20-story block. There were a dozen people there, half of them women, all of them lookers, but none of them a patch on Moana.

The owner of this place was Choyce Aulston Prewitt Inc. With a name like that I took an immediate dislike to him. He was an architect

The place was full of fancy beds and sofas, all modernistic furniture. Different to the crew's quarters of my ship.

He was very elegant. Probably a queer. I scanned him up in one glance - I'd been at sea long enough.

I saw him dinner me with his eyes, contemptuously. But he was all over Moana. He took her far coat.

There was soft music from concealed speakers in the lounge, the air-conditioning hummed.

"Take your coat off, Harvey," Choyce said cordially.

I was only wearing a shirt under the jacket. It was a little tight for me. "Such muscles," Choyce said.

I towered above him.

"You've got a strong man here, Moana." And he laughed. "What do you do on your ship?"

"I'm the butcher, amongst other things." I rolled up my sleeve. My tattoos showed.

"They'd look nice framed," Choyce said softly.

I just grinned. "They're there until I die, nobody can take off tattoos this big."

"True," he said amiably.

Choyce gave me a drink, a fancy thing with an olive in it and a cherry. I drank it off in one gulp. It was like drinking jelly water. He was drinking wine. I don't go for that stuff. "Give me a beer," I said. "And I'll have a point."

"A man's drink," he said.

"Yeah," I drawled. I suddenly wanted to get drunk.

I was the roughest man there, out of water as you might say, not a bad drink for a seaman.

But Moana wasn't very happy. She was drinking Prewitt Special, which was a concoction of Ocellina, an Irish liquor, and rum and fruit juice.

"Another Prewitt Special."

I took the glass out of her hand. "Don't you think you've had enough?"

"Don't you tell me what to do," she snapped.

I shrugged. It was no skin off my nose. Maybe I wouldn't see her again. I had a beer with a gin in it.

"I'm hungry," Choyce Aulston

(Continued on page 33)



THE EQUALISER

FACT/David Edwards

He was only a little guy. But a tough little guy. And a 32 mm Smith & Wesson made him more than equal.

THE PERFECT MURDER was committed in the Port of Newcastle, New South Wales, in the year 1930. The body of the murdered man was never found, and had not the murderer himself confessed, it is doubtful whether the crime would ever have been resolved. An unpredictable twist of fate, which was central in its outcome, was the cause of the man confessing.

And yet many things were left unexplained. All the self-confessed killer would admit, was that one night, in the winter of 1930, at Carrington, he had shot the missing man. The shooting had occurred in the railway yards on the Carrington waterfront. He had left the body hidden in a coal wagon. Even at the trial, he was adamant that he did not know where the body was finally taken. His face had worn an enigmatic smile at the looks of doubt and confusion on the faces of the court assembly, but his voice had held the undoubted ring of truth.

"I want 20 dollars in the guts — 20 dollars to see him go — I want 10 dollars in the guts, Okay, the cante is set — get set on the side — over here, mate, the bloke wants to back a bid — right, all set on the side — come to sponsor?"

The voice of Benny Lawson echoed on in an endless monotonous, as he skillfully manoeuvred around the betting ring, shouting and directing the placing of bets, and controlling the two-up school, with the experience and cold nerve of the professional gambler. He was a small, dark, polished man, with a square determined face. The school was in a

remote area of the Carrington railway yards, on the banks of the Hunter River, in the Port of Newcastle. "Cockatoos" posted in empty coal wagons gave early warning of any approaching danger from the arm of the law.

It was a good school, honest and well run. Benny took 10 percent of all winnings, which netted him an income of an average 1600 a week. After paying the cockatoos and the bookies, his personal take was roughly 1300 a week, and sometimes much more.

The clientele comprised coal miners, steel workers, merchant seamen, and wharf laborers. Adjacent was the Carrington pub known as The Seven Seas and The Glasgow Arms. It was a tough area, frequented by tough men, but Benny Lawson, despite his small frame, had plenty of nerve and did not scare easily. He was well known in the area, and had a good name around the waterfront. It was common knowledge that a genuine man, down on his back, could always get a few dollars from Benny. For a year his business prospered and his takings increased. It was then "Big Kinky" Blanchfield decided to move in.

"Kinky" Blanchfield was the exception to the rule, in that he was a bully, a sadist, but not a coward, when it came to physical violence. He would take on all comers, big or small, and was just as merciless in his dealings with both. The first night he visited the school Benny created trouble, especially as Blanchfield had no bets, but took an avid interest in the percentage take. The second week he turned up with three of his strong-arm mobsters. It was during the afternoon break, when the school closed for two hours before the evening game. He walked over to Benny. The three hoods trailed behind.



"You run a good game, Benny, it's worth looking after. It would be a shame if someone tried to muscle in or run a game in opposition. Now I'm going to make you an offer you would be foolish not to accept. I guarantee you complete protection from outside interference, for 50 percent of the takings, starting from tonight."

It was cold blooded extortion and Benny knew it. He kept his eyes and his voice steady, looked directly at Blanchfield, and replied:

"I am not expecting any outside interference or opposition, and I don't need any protection, so you

and your boys can take a walk."

The last of the players were just leaving. The "bouncer" had gone, and Benny held the brief case which held the takings. Blanchfield had no idea how much money was in the case, but he decided to give Benny his first lesson in discretion, plus an object lesson in just one word: he WAS in need of protection.

The three strong arms knew the procedure well. As Blanchfield nodded they moved quickly. Benny was helpless. Two of the goons aimed an arm each, twisting and binding them up his back in a bone

breaking twin hammerlock. Benny screamed in pain, dropped the brief case, and moaning observation at his captors, Blanchfield picked up the brief case and walked to the third hoodlum, his voice harsh and venomous:

"Work the little bastard over, but not so bad as to leave him incapable of running the game. Give it to him in the belly and around the kidneys. The nerve of that runt telling me to take a walk."

The three enforcers were speckled, and now Benny's arms and shoulders were numb and aching. They continued to hold him erect.



The third man moved in. Two vicious blows in the stomach, and a knee in the groin, rendered him unconscious. They let him fall to the ground, where, with astonishing brutality, their boots thudded into his kidneys and ribs.

When Benny regained consciousness he crawled the first 100 metres, then staggered to the Seven Seas Hotel.

Some of his friends called an ambulance, which took him to the casualty ward of the Newcastle General Hospital. He was treated and

his index finger, he spoke. "I have heard this name mentioned by some of the boys at the Broadmeadow Returned Services League. The word is that Lawson runs a two-up school and is mixed up in 'gambling generally. No doubt he runs into some pretty tough characters."

The doctor spoke with a grim note of warning. "Another beating like that one and the entry in the hospital admission register, could read, D.O.A."

With a sigh of resignation on the hopefulness of human nature and

were going to smash in. Benny continued to run the school, and sure enough the gorillas paid him another visit.

They had their instructions and Blanchfield was not with them. The legend of the three hoodlums addressed Benny.

"No doubt you have now seen the light, Benny. We are here to pick up our 50 percent of the take."

The stubborn, determined streak in the little man's nature asserted itself. He spoke quietly and with resolution. "You get to hell and leave me alone, and you can tell that big bludge Blanchfield, he won't get a cent of my money."

This time the strong arms did a thorough job, and Benny went to hospital for six weeks. He had lost the sight of one eye, his nose was spread across his face, and he was wasting blood from his ruptured kidneys. He spent another three weeks at home convalescing. He then decided to re-open the game.

He went around to the Glasgow Arms Hotel and let it be known the school would re-open that same night. He also passed the word around that he was interested in buying a gun, and would pay handsomely for a good weapon. Being well known and trusted by the rough waterfront element, he was introduced to an American seaman, who sold him a Smith and Wesson .32 mm automatic, with 50 rounds of ammunition, for \$150. The price did not worry Benny. The busy magazine held 12 bullets, and already Benny began to picture them crashing into the huge frame of Blanchfield. He was not indulging in wishful thinking or fantasy. He had already planned how to dispose of the body.

The Carrington railway yards are vast and desolate. The area around the coal loading terminal was the marshalling yard for hundreds of laden coal wagons, known as coal hoppers. Each wagon carried 20 tonnes of coal.

When loading ships, the wagons were lifted bodily off their undercarriages by huge electric cranes, and hoisted over the ship's hatches. The floors of the wagons were hinged, and opened like trapdoors when a release lever on the side of the wagon was tripped. Wide planks crisscrossed the open hatch, to enable the crane driver to see the load was evenly distributed.

It was dirty, filthy work, as with each drop, 20 tonnes of coal went crashing into the bottom of the ship's hold. The noise was deafening, with the loading and the clatter and



"I know it's poor stag for our wedding, but I thought we could use the money."

allowed to leave. The attending doctor shook his head in wonder, and spoke in tones of incredulous admiration.

"His fortune is unbelievable. A beating like that would have hospitalized most men. A big heart beats within that small chest."

One of the orderlies had been looking at the name entered in the hospital register, Benjamin Lawson, 14 Heston Road, Carrington. As he traced the entry along the line with

behavior, he spoke in a tired voice: "Okay, bring in the next casualty."

It went on day and night, victims of car accidents, beatings, raped and outraged females, drunks and drug addicts; he saw them all, and wondered why?

A few days later Benny was running the game at Carrington. A lot of the players had been scored off when the word was passed around that Big Blanchfield and his mob

hauling of shunting wagons Benny set up his new wants close to the coal loading terminal. Around midnight, just after the gates had closed down, Blanchfield turned up alone. He smiled as he saw Benny with the bag all ready to leave. Benny looked sick. He stooped and walked with a limp. As Blanchfield spoke he appeared to flush.

"A good take tonight, Benny?" The bag was bulging. "I'll just take my 50 percent and then you can go home and enjoy a good sleep. You look all on, you should be more careful, and look after yourself."

Benny's eyes were wetted. He looked at Blanchfield and then began to open the bag. His voice held a pleading tone.

"Okay, Bluz, there's no need for any more rough stuff I have had enough and I can't take any more. You can have what you've been asking for, as from tonight."

Blanchfield came closer to check the contents of the bag. Benny's hand disappeared amongst the paper money, and came up with the Smith and Wesson. At point blank range he squeezed the trigger. With a look on incredulous amazement on his face, Blanchfield began to back and stagger with the impact of each bullet.

He flopped around in a welter of blood, as each shot plunged into him. He took the full clip, 12 shots, and died still with the look of utter disbelief on his face. Benny worked swiftly.

A Japanese freighter was lying alongside the terminal with hatch



"And where little mistress are you?"

covers off, ready to receive a full cargo. Fifty wagons were lined up for the first loading. Working frantically he climbed aboard the nearest wagon, and with feverish energy scooped out a hollow in the coal to a depth of about one metre. With

strength born of desperation, he heaved the body of Blanchfield aboard the loaded wagon, and into the hollow. He covered the body with coal, climbed down, and walked 50 metres from the wagon line.

He sat down, and watched, and waited. One by one the wagons edged forward. With regular monotony they deposited their contents into the ship's hatches, were returned to their undercarriages, and moved on. It was around 2 am. The coal dust hung in clouds about the ship.

A heavy fog came creeping down from the Hunter River Valley, obscuring the waterfront in a ghostly mantle, cold and depressing. Benny watched as the corpse wagon was heaved over No. 2 hatch. The driver pulled the lever, and the body of Bluz Blanchfield was buried under 20 tonnes of coal, on the bottom of the hatch. Within minutes, another 60 tonnes had piled the body beyond recognition.

The ship took three months to reach Yawata in the south island of Japan. Usually the voyage was completed in three weeks, but a bad fracture developed in the ship's propeller shaft, causing her to lay up in Manila. On reaching Japan, the

(Continued on page 83)



"I take it your answer is 'No'."

BIG FLYER





The CHEESEBOX that



Above: Part of the crew of USS Monitor rests on the upper deck not long after her successful landing of the confederate Merrimack Virginia

Right: Captain Monitor (Vicks) examines dead in Monitor's turret armor. Her adversary had been much harder hit and was unable to come out again and fight. Shaped as on top of "cheesebox"



Designed and built in 101 days, an ugly armored monster started the American Confederacy on the road to defeat — and sired a generation of "modern" warships.

FACT/Graeme Andrews



Left: Mighty little Monitor — the first armored ship to see action in Civil War. Confederate Monitor was a converted tug that took on ships 10 times her size

Left: Monitor-type ships versus Confederates touched New Brandon. Monitor won and city of Charleston fell

Right: Up-river armored monitor — the Union Lafayette had armored paddlewheels and heavy firepower. She fought rebel troops as they tried to travel on by river



SHOOK THE WORLD

BLUNDED IN BOTH EYES, blood streaming down his face, the commanding officer of the fighting chessbox on a shingle, USS Monitor, fell his way around his tiny fighting room.

Fanting, he gasped, "Have I saved the Minnesota?" Told the crippled Minnesota was safe and that his adversary was damaged, Captain Worden leaped into a coma as his second in command took over.

Captain Worden's incredible ship was the USS Monitor, the first effective armored fighting ship in the world and the ship that changed the progress of the US Civil War and of naval warfare for a century.

The US Civil War of 1861-65 tore the country apart, but it produced a nation united in most respects and able to get on with unified development. But it was a traumatic experience for naval men too. Where there had been just one force there were now two and it was a matter of a man's conscience on which side he fought. If he chose the South he used, in many cases, to retain or take over some of the equipment he had been using, knowing he was going to need it.

Was it the duty of a navy man to go with his State or stay with the nation? The US Navy was demoralized long before the fighting began.

Defeated men deserted and headed south, commanders handed over the ships and walked off, boats were sabotaged and the US Navy was in disarray, but things were worse in the South.

While the US Navy was virtually immobile, the navy of the South didn't exist and had to be built from

scratch with little industrial back-up to help. The result was an amazing collection of improvised craft that struck terror into the hearts of the North and which, almost, but not quite, won the war for the South.

The two presidents were Abraham Lincoln for the north and Jefferson Davis for the South. The two main naval commanders were Franklin Buchanan of the Confederate State Navy and David Glasgow Farragut of the USN. As well as being the main naval commanders, they were destined to meet in actual combat.

The election of Lincoln in 1860 caused South Carolina to secede from the Union. That State was soon followed by six other States. In February, 1862 these seven States formed the Confederate States of America, and war was inevitable.

Southern troops tried to take over service installations within the break-

away States, and in some cases their defenders refused and fought back in Charleston. At Fort Sumpter, Union soldiers held on for more than three months with only 87 men against everything the South could do. Finally they were overwhelmed and those in the North realized it was to be a real war.

Both sides started sailing at canvas.

The Southerners realized the importance of seapower before the North did, knowing that they had too few ships, too few factories and a need to both import and export to sustain the war that was coming.

The North planned to blockade, the South to avoid it. The North developed the Anaconda Plan, which would strangle the South, while the South ordered fast blockade runners from wherever she could buy them.

As war began the Union Navy had 42 ships, of which 17 were modern. To men that hodge-podge there was 8000 men. The Confederate navy

(Continued on page 45)

Group of Confederate armored iron Arkansas Ships like this were armored with railway tires welded together



HELLBOUND EXPRESS

You want a nuclear reactor . . .
An airstrip for drugrunners,
guns, ammunition: Check it
with Interglobal. A very smooth
outfit. **FICTION/Mike Radar**

THE TRAIN was approaching Khartoum: Marrick glanced through the dust-aked window as he got to his feet and slung down his bag from the rack. The final leg of the journey, from Wadi-Halfa to Khartoum, had

been a seemingly endless crawl across the edge of the desert. Dry patches of scrub, isolated settlements and the blaring sun had intensified the monotony.

The late afternoon shadows cast themselves across the crowded platform. A sea of faces watched as the train coasted to a standstill. The din of voices rose up around him as he stepped from the stifling carriage.

A week before, Marrick had been in Cairo. He had read the

advertisement seeking applicants to supervise the construction of a railroad. Something about the deal had stirred him. Maybe it had been the money — \$5000 a month. Or maybe it had been the challenge. Marrick was an engineer. He built bridges, railroads, dams. He built anything, anywhere. For money, for excitement. It had always been that way since he had left Sydney.

"Mr Marrick?"

The short, stocky man in the



overstepped and blocked his path. Black curly hair was surrounded by a fox. A bushy moustache traced the pained upper lip.

"Yes," Merrick studied the expressionless eyes. "Are you from Interglobal?"

The man bowed slightly. "I am Abdul Hamid. Would you follow me, please? I have a car waiting."

Hamid led him through the jostling crowd to the station exit. Outside, a black Mercedes was parked in the shade. Hamid instructed the driver to place Merrick's bag in the boot.

"Please get in, Mr. Merrick." Hamid held open a door. "I will take you to the office."

Merrick heard the door shut behind him. Hamid joined the driver in the front seat. The bag sat swung away from the curb and rolled through the dusty streets.

This was Merrick's second contact with his new employer, the Interglobal Corporation. The first contact had been the cable which he had received two days ago. A cable

which had simply confirmed his appointment and advised him that his seat on the Khamsoun train had been reserved. A cable which had been signed "Grant".

Within minutes the Mercedes drew up to the side of the road outside a modern, two-storey office building.

Hamid ushered him into the airy dryer. On one wall was a map of the world with red flags pinned to various sites. Above the map was a corporate symbol, the earth encircled by the words "Interglobal Corporation". Hamid knocked on a highly polished wooden door. Their eyes met.

"Mr. Grant's office?" Merrick asked him.

Hamid's lips smiled as he turned the handle and waved for Merrick to enter.

The room was cavernous. Merrick's first impression was that of a vast Persian carpet stretching across to a huge carved desk and heavy leather chair. Expensive tapestries hung from the white walls. Air-conditioning purred softly.

"Hello, Mr. Merrick. I'm Grant."

The chair behind the desk swivelled around. Facing him, a confident smile on her lips, was

"Suzanne Grant. How was your trip from Cairo?"

Her blonde hair framed her tanned, youthful face and long neck. Her blue eyes signalled amusement. Her drab khaki uniform could not disguise her figure. The whisp of scarf at her throat was coquettish.

"My trip from Cairo?" Merrick echoed. His eyes narrowed. "It was... alright."

She waved him to a chair, then glanced down at the file which she had been studying. Her voice was businesslike, her accent English.

"I've just been reading your application again. Your experience interests me." Her eyes flashed as she looked across the desk. "Two years in South America... two years in Canada... tell me - why were you in Cairo?"

"I'd just finished a project in Saudi Arabia, I was taking a break."

"You said in your letter you're an





Heppner



"Don't be silly, Miss Goodbody. Who would want to steal your clothes?"

Australian. Your age is 34. You must be married. . ."

"No."

"You just . . . travel around?"

"Yes. . ."

Suzanne closed the file. "Let me tell you about your new job, Mr. Marrick. We're building a railroad, in the mountains to the south of the Sudan. The construction was well underway until our engineer resigned. That's why we need you." She lit a cigarette. "We have about 500 laborers, all natives. The track has been completed - 2 1/2 miles. We have one locomotive - a Class NG15 3-8-2. Here," she handed a roll of plans to Marrick, "study them. All the tunnels are finished. At present we are delayed by the final stage - the construction of a bridge across a ravine. The bridge is the final link between the two sections of the railroad." She stretched back in the chair. "Well, do you have any questions now?"

Marrick mused in cynicism. "One or two. I've never heard of Interglobal. . ."

Harold stepped forward. "The head office is in Zurich. We have many projects across the world. Europe. . . Asia. . . Africa. . ."

Suzanne opened a desk drawer and handed Marrick an envelope. "By the way, Mr. Marrick, this is yours. One month's salary. In

advance." She smiled. "Assuming, of course, you are still working for us."

Marrick took the envelope. It was crumpled. He glanced at the contents. American currency.

"Five thousand dollars." Suzanne's tone was firm. "As advertised."

Marrick pocketed the money.

"Good." She got to her feet and

asked her cigarette. "We have cabins booked on the river steamer. It will be in one hour. We'll go by boat up the White Nile to Lake Tana. Then we'll transfer to the company helicopter for the flight up to the mountains."

Marrick also rose. "One more question, Miss Grant." Her eyes masked any expression. "I gather you're in charge of the project?"

"No. . ." She laughed softly. "You are! From now on I'm just your personal assistant."

Marrick leaned against the rail, hearing the steady throb of the engine two decks beneath his feet. It was a magical night. The river was a broad ribbon of silver. Over on the bank Marrick could tell they were entering the swampland country.

"Miss Grant would like to see you in her cabin."

Marrick spun around. The Egyptian had approached soundlessly. Harad's eyes were glowing points of light.

Marrick hesitated before nodding. He walked along the deck, aware that Harad was watching from the rail.

He closed her cabin door behind him. "Harad told you -"

"Have a drink?" She splashed whisky into a glass.

His gaze drifted from her sparkling eyes to where her unbuttoned tunic revealed tanned skin and the promise of thrashing breasts.

"Okay. . ." He sat down and accepted the glass.

Her body was warm against his when she joined him. "I wanted to talk to you," she began.



"Congratulations! You have just been rated Mr. Tarn of Elm Street."

He met her eyes directly. "Same here. I wanted to get some answers. You haven't told me yet why you're building this railroad. Or for whom." Her eyes darkened. "Is it important?"

"And there's another thing I did when you said, looked at the plans. Your maps weren't very helpful. They didn't tell me where the railroad's going...."

"You surprise me...." Her lips formed a smile.

"And then of course there's you. Where do you fit in?"

"I told you. I'm your personal assistant." She reached across him for a cigarette. "I'm also the secretary to the president of InterGlobal."

Marrick sat down his glass and got to his feet. He turned to the door but she kept up, barring his way.

"Where are you going?" Her eyes flashed angrily.

When their bodies met, her's was demanding and tense.

"Marrick, it's a long way to Juba," she breathed.

"You're right," Marrick smiled, seeing her startled expression as he pushed her clear. "That's why I want to get some sleep."

He heard the cabin door slam behind him.

The chopper hovered above the yawning gorge. Marrick could see the two sections of the railroad leading up to either side of the deep, dark chasm. As far as the eye could see the mountains rose and fell, the heavy ravine acting as a 100-mile long natural border between the two ranges. As the chopper descended to the base camp on the near side of the ravine, Marrick could see the gleaming tracks winding their way along the ridge to ultimately disappear beneath the canopy of rain forest.

He glanced at the other occupants of the chopper. The tannum pilot, an Italian Marrick guessed, flew the machine effortlessly. Haraid, wearing a bulging briefcase, was slumped down at the camp, surveying the heavy equipment. Suzanne Grant, silent and withdrawn, fingered the button of her safari pocket.

On the ground a native laborer led them across to a large tent. Inside was a desk covered with plans. Behind it, a sophisticated radio transmitter had been set up. Suzanne threw herself into one of the cots and lit a cigarette.

"Get Mr. Marrick organized to start work at once," she instructed Haraid. "I want to fly out in half an

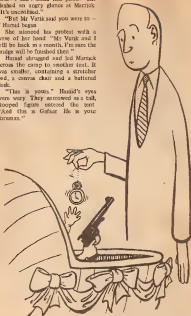
hour. I can't stand this place." She flashed an angry glance at Marrick. "It's uncomfortable."

"But Mr. Varick said you were to —" Haraid began.

She silenced his protest with a wave of her hand. "Mr. Varick and I will be back in a month. I'm sure the bridge will be finished then."

Haraid shrugged and led Marrick across the camp to another tent. It was smaller, containing a stretcher bed, a canvas chair and a battered desk.

"This is yours," Haraid's eyes were wary. They narrowed as a tall, stooped figure entered the tent. "And this is Gafar. He is your foreman."



The man called Gafar waited until Haraid had gone. He studied Marrick closely. His silver hair was brushed back from a high forehead. A wary fear haunted his eyes. He was about to speak. He hesitated and then, in silence, handed a roll of plans to Marrick. From somewhere beyond the tent the angry whirr of the chopper reached them.

Marrick leaned back against the rock and drew on his cigarette. The evening shadows were deepening, beginning to engulf the skeletal framework of the tangle bridge which rose ghostly from the gaping ravine. He surveyed the results of the past 25 days. In the fading light the bridge resembled a toy, a frail framework of matchsticks. It belied the

framed days of construction, the giant cranes swinging mighty lengths of lumber to where 500 men scaled the ragged cliffs, pushing the bridge higher and higher.

At his elbow, Gafar appeared to silently share his thoughts. Their eyes met.

"Another 10 days," Marrick estimated.

His foreman nodded.

Marrick studied the glowing tip of his cigarette. In all the time he had been at the site this was the first opportunity he had had to be alone with the other man. Haraid was obviously occupied elsewhere. Choosing his words carefully, Marrick turned and smiled.

(Continued on page 88)

Men driven by "gold fever" have defied hardship, crippling injuries and murderous claim jumpers in their attempts to reach Oak Island's \$30 million cache . . .



**THEY'LL FIND
AMERICA'S BLOODIEST
TREASURE HOARD--
OR DIE TRYING**

Hope springs eternal and as they continued to dig, with one man shoveling the loose dirt into a large box that was raised periodically to the surface with the aid of a block-and-tackle by another man above who dumped the dirt. He also ran a gas-powered pump that pumped out the water that constantly seeped into the shaft.

During the night a band of modern-day claim jumpers slipped into their camp and attacked the treasure hunters with rifles. The four men, also armed, fought back bravely. But when it was over, two of the robbers and Finbar O'Reilly were dead. The remaining bandits fled, but for the rest of the treasure seekers their dream of gold had become a nightmare they no longer wanted any part of. And so they went home, treasureless and dreamless.



THESAURO-works have made attempts to get at treasure by water (as depicted above). They have done no better than land-based expeditions...

The tragedy was yet another in a series of tragedies that have occurred on Noctonish Oak Island. For 180 years men have doggedly searched for the fabulous treasure that is said to be hidden on this island of mystery, and many have met with violent death as a result of their pursuit.

So geographically insignificant that it does not even appear on most maps of the area, Oak Island lies about 30 miles west of Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. Consisting of roughly 32 acres of sandy terrain with areas of spruce and oak trees, it has been, and continues to be, the focal point for determined treasure hunters who are convinced that a vast fortune in pirate gold lies buried there, waiting to be found.

The main shaft of the treasure cache, more popularly known as the "Money Pit", goes straight down into the earth for about 170 feet. For the first 80 feet, at 10-foot intervals, there are oak-log platforms, their ends embedded deep into the clay sides of the shaft. At a depth of about 122 feet there is an extra thick oak platform wedged into the shaft, and at about the 158-foot level there appears to be, from what drillings have shown, a cement chamber in which is buried a large copper chest.

At various intervals within the main shaft are several corridors which have been tunneled around. Over the years, various mysterious articles and substances have been found, including coconut fibre, an ascribed stone, bits of hand-bewn wood that has been carbon-dated between the 1400s and 1700s, pieces of wire and steel estimated to date back to before 1800, a few links of gold chain, a bowler's whistle and a turned piece of parchment with writing on it that has yet to be deciphered.

The Money Pit is not without its pitfalls, too. An elaborate system of flood tunnels continues to defy even the most sophisticated of moisture-seeking attempts.

What leads most trained observers to believe that the complex underground workings are a result of pirates searching their treasure is probably its similarity to a ceremonial pirate bank discovered in Haiti in 1949. It is a large, well-forgotten "stonehouse" that was used by more than one band of pirates to hide their spoils when England, France and Spain, in the 1700s, decided to purge the seas of piracy.

The Haiti bank, much like the Oak Island version, consists of a main vertical shaft with horizontal corridors at various levels branching

out in several directions. According to — if you'll pardon the expression — the bank's excavators, it is generally thought that each band of pirates was assigned a corridor with a vault at the end where they could cache their plunder. Obviously, each vault was most likely sealed with clay to make it watertight. For after having buried their treasure, the pirates presumably connected flood tunnels from the shore to the main shaft, allowed water to flood the

IVAN'S BEDTIME STORY



Q. Where among the big economies of Europe are the girls most promising?

A. Looking over the second half-century of such small countries as Sweden and Denmark, the Russian female qualifies as the most promising one, certainly a surprising finding considering the patriarchal approach to sex by the Red Government. A poll of Latvian students showed that about 85 percent of the females had engaged in premarital sex relations before the age of 21. A majority of women interviewed in that city said they no longer loved their husbands and were looking out for a secret lover. Despite the government censorship, it is also clear that the role of diplomacy in the Soviet Union has crept in as the USSR, in Paris, a town in the Urals, one out of every three takes born a diplomatess.

system and then filed in the main shaft, leaving a small patch of disturbed ground as the only visible evidence of their project.

If it is evident to the Haiti bank investigators that the pirates had no intention of using the main shaft to get at their loot later on when the heat was off. Neither they nor anyone else could have descended through the main shaft and made their way through the flooded tunnels to the treasure vaults. The theory that prevails today is that the pirates would simply have recorded the locations of their vaults in proximity to the main shaft and then dug straight down into the vaults when ready to spend their loot.

It is precisely this theory that precipitated one of the most ambitious Oak Island treasure hunts to date. Beginning in 1969, Dan Blankenship, along with fellow members of a joint USA-Canadian syndicate called Triton Alliance Ltd., attempted an elaborate, well-financed, well-planned attempt to unlock the mysteries of the Money Pit and — as an added incentive — find the supposed buried gold.

Acting on the hypothesis relating to the Haiti shaft, Triton members during the past six years have sunk hundreds of drilling holes in a wide area circling the Money Pit. Samples taken from several of these holes included bits and pieces of metal and wood that were found at a depth of 335 feet. These findings indicate that there are several underground cavities with wooden cribbing located around the main shaft.

Three years ago, Triton men drilled their largest hole, No 10-X, about 180 feet northeast of the Money Pit. After increasing the diameter of the hole to 27 inches, they hard it with steel casing down to a depth of 180 feet, which is bedrock. They then continued the drilling, without casing, through bedrock to a depth of 190 feet. At that level several cavities were discovered. A remote-controlled, underwater TV camera was then lowered to scan the cavities. What the camera appeared to produce on Triton's TV screens would have gladdened the heart of even the most hardened sceptic: six chests, log beams and even a human hand!

Divers descended immediately into the deep hole, but were unable to make out anything of interest in the murky water below.

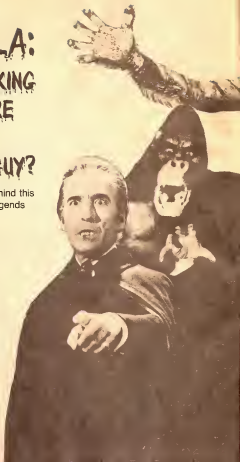
Dan Blankenship believes the cavities in 10-X were rigged in much the same way as in the Money Pit, that they were connected with flood tunnels that bring water into the pit from the sea. The original diggers, he reports, "have so many flooding systems tied together, it's amazing." So far, Triton has only been able to block a few of these flood tunnels.

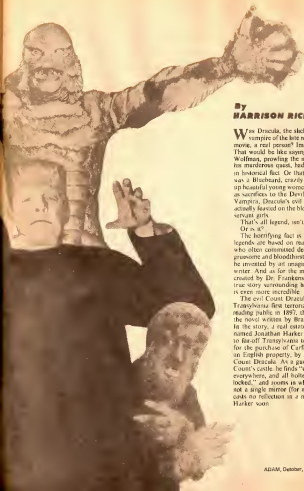
Just last year, Blankenship and his go-teams lowered some equipment into the 10-X shaft and were rewarded with signals indicating other cavities behind the steel casing above bedrock. At this writing, Triton plans to empty 10-X of water by using a 1000-gallons-a-minute pump, the largest used on the island. By doing that they hope to be able to cut observation holes in the casing to determine if the cavities are man-made or simply natural phenomena. (Continued on page 31)



DRACULA: BLOODSUCKING VAMPIRE OR MR. NICE GUY?

The startling truth behind this
and other monster legends





**BY
HARRISON RICHARDS**

Was Dracula, the slick, fearsome vampire of the late night TV movie, a real person? Impossible. That would be like saying that the Wolfman, prowling the night in his murderous quest, had some basis in historical fact. Or that there really was a Bluebeard, crazily hacking up beautiful young women and children as sacrifices to the Devil. Or that Vampira, Dracula's evil cousin, actually feasted on the blood of young servant girls.

That's all legend, isn't it?

Or is it?

The horrifying fact is that some legends are based on real people, who often committed deeds more gruesome and bloodthirsty than could be invented by an imaginative writer. And as for the monster created by Dr. Frankenstein—the true story surrounding his creation is even more incredible.

The evil Count Dracula of Transylvania first terrorized the reading public in 1897, thanks to the novel written by Bram Stoker. In the story, a real estate agent named Jonathan Harker travels to far-off Transylvania to arrange for the purchase of Carfax Abbey, an English property, by a certain Count Dracula. As a guest in the Count's castle, he finds "doors, doors everywhere, and all bolted and locked," and rooms in which there is not a single mirror (for a vampire casts no reflection in a mirror). Harker soon

realizes that Dracula is a vampire living with a harem of female vampires - and that he, Harker, is a prisoner. He also learns that the count is planning to leave soon for Carfax Abbey, taking with him 50 coffins. Dracula's ultimate intent - the conquest of England.

The count sails for England, killing the crew along the way. His first order of business upon arrival is to attack Lucy Westenra, a friend of Harker's fiancée, Mina. As Dracula drains Lucy of her blood, he gradually infuses his own blood into

hers to save Mina, whom Dracula has also attacked to spread the vampire cult throughout England.

This simple, but powerful story has quickly found its way onto the stage and eventually to the movies. The first was a German film, *Nosferatu*, starring Max Schreck, who as Count Dracula looked like an extremely undertaker. But the best known, for American audiences, was the famous 1931 *Dracula*, starring Bela Lugosi, who continued to play the role in various guises until his own death in 1956.

geographical data was genuine, why not Dracula himself?

And so McNelly, along with Romanian scholar Radu Florescu, set off on a quest to discover the identity of the real Dracula. What they unearthed is surely more horrifying than the vampire count of Bram Stoker's novel.

The real Dracula was a Wallachian prince in what is now the Romanian province of Transylvania. His contemporaries called him *Dracul*, but in Romanian history books he is known as Vlad Tepes, or Vlad the Impaler, for his favorite method of dispatching friends, countrymen, Romans, and enemies, was to impale them on stakes.

Usually the victims were arranged in concentric circles on the outskirts of towns where they could be viewed by all. There were high spots and low spots, according to age, rank, and sex. There was impalement from above - feet upwards - and impalement from below - head upwards - or through the heart and eardrums. There were riffs in people's heads, twisting of limbs, binding, strangulation, burning, the cutting off of noses and ears, and of sexual organs in the case of women, scalping and skinning, and beheading alive.

And Dracula - or Vlad the Impaler - did it all on a grand scale. Even the stout-hearted conqueror of Constantinople, Mohammed II, was shocked when he saw the remains of 20,000 prisoners rotting on stakes outside the town of Targoviste. And it did not sit well with Dracula when anyone criticized his impaling. When one of his more sensitive undertakers had the audacity to hold his nose - presumably because of the stench of all the sewage - Dracula responded with his own brand of humor. He immediately ordered one of his officers to impale the man on a stake - but one high on the hill so that the unfortunate wretch might not be annoyed in his agony by the stink of corpses and blood all around.

In fact, Dracula had a sharp and devastating sense of wit. When some Turkish officials came to pay their respects at court, they bowed low but did not remove their hats, explaining that it was not their custom to take off their hats. "Very well," said Dracula, "we will make sure that you keep them on," and promptly had his men and the hats on the heads of the Turkish officials.

All in all, Count Dracula or Vlad the Impaler, was responsible for at least 100,000 deaths.

Yet for all his faults, the historical



"Your weight's OK. It's just that you should be eleven feet tall . . ."

her body, casting her to "die" and become a vampire. The now "undead" Lucy proceeds to attack children in Hampstead, and is stopped only by the courageous Dr Van Helsing, who drives a stake through her vampire heart, thus killing her forever.

While the evil Dracula continues on his bloodthirsty way, Harker manages to escape from the castle and join forces in England with Dr Van Helsing. The two begin a search for Dracula, who hides during the day in one of his 50 coffins. After a thrilling - and chilling - chase, the two manage to destroy him (not in

Most people viewed Count Dracula as the product of the vivid, not to say, overcharged imagination of Bram Stoker. Obviously vampires do not exist, they reasoned, so Count Dracula could not have existed either. Then, about 15 years ago, an American scholar named Raymond McNelly began to wonder whether there might be some historical basis for the vampire here. The land of Transylvania turned out to be quite real - a present-day province of Romania. The description of local towns and the Borgo Pass in the Carpathian Mountains turned out to be real. McNelly reasoned that if the



"Looks like *ANOTHER* haunting party has taught Fleet Finger how to play poker."

Dracula was not a true vampire. The name seems to spring from the Romanian language and folklore. In Romanian, the word for devil is "dracul", or "dracula", which is certainly an apt description of the creature. According to Romanian folklore, the devil can change himself into an animal or a black bird, and when he takes wings, he can fly like a bat. Because in Transylvania, the only bats worth mentioning are vampire bats, that is how the connection works between Dracula, the devil, the bat and the vampire.

To most people today, human vampires sucking the blood of other humans probably seems no more than the ghastly imaginations of ignorant peasants or Hollywood screenwriters. Yet the vampire legend is based on historical fact. There was, indeed, a 17th century countess who was an authentic vampire, her name was Elizabeth Bathory, also otherwise known as the Blood Countess.

Elizabeth came from an old and distressed family in Transylvania near the Hungarian border. Perhaps the Bathorys had been around too long, for while the family included cardinals, prime ministers, and kings, it also included witches, diabolists, and demons.

At the age of 15, Elizabeth married Count Ferenc Nadudny and went to live in his Castle Csatvar. The count was off fighting most of the time, so to keep herself busy, Elizabeth began dabbling in the occult with the help of her servants. And, for diversion, she began torturing some of her servant girls. When

her husband died after 25 years of marriage, the 40-year-old Elizabeth really came into her own.

Like many women, she was afraid of growing old and ugly, but there was no Anne Lady or Helena Rubinstein around in those days. One day when a maid accidentally pulled her hair while bathing it, Elizabeth instinctively slapped the girl hard — so hard that it drew blood which spurted on her own hand. To

Elizabeth, it seemed as though the skin immediately took on the freshness and youth of that of her young maid. Forget the cream — blood was the key to an eternally youthful skin! So Elizabeth summoned two servants, who helped her slice open the maid and drain her blood into a large vat. Elizabeth bathed in it to beautify her entire body.

She had launched herself on a 10-year career of active vampirism — a career that ended only when a potential victim escaped and informed the authorities of the gruesome goings-on. When the King's soldiers raided the castle, they were met with an appalling sight in the main hall by a dead girl, drained of blood. Near her lay another girl, barely alive, whose body had been pierced with dozens of tiny holes. In the dungeon they stumbled across dozens of still living young women with pierced bodies. And beneath the castle they exhumed the bodies of no less than 50 more girls.

The servants who had provided victims for the vampire were summarily executed, either by beheading or by being burned alive. Countess Elizabeth, who had friends at court, was never formally convicted of any crime. She was, however, walled up in the bedchamber of her castle, with only a small hole for a food pass-through. There she died, four years after being walled in.

After the hideous goings-on in



"One more thing, may I have one of your calendars?"

Transylvania, as a relief to turn to Switzerland, where Frankenstein — or, more properly, Frankenstein's monster — was conceived.

Like Brian Stoker's Dracula, Mary Shelley's Frankenstein first appeared as a literary event. Perhaps her tale of a man who dares to create human life will someday be viewed as an uncanny prophecy, for even today scientists are trying to create "test tube babies", growing a viable human fetus in laboratory jars.

Of course, Dr Frankenstein built himself an eight-foot monster right off the bat (it was technically easier, he explains), while today's mad scientists concern themselves with growing a human form a small group of microscopic cells. Yet who can say that their creations, if successful, might not become monsters like that of Dr Frankenstein? It would truly be a case of life imitating art.

But back to Mary Shelley and her story. She and her husband, the English poet Percy Shelley Lord Byron and his mistress, and a crazy Italian doctor were spending the summer together in Geneva, Switzerland. As on most summer vacations, it rained most of the time, and so the young people stayed indoors reading



"If I didn't love you would I seduce you?"

ghost stories to each other. At last, Byron proposed that they should have a competition: each person would write a horror story.

For night after night, Mary searched her mind for a subject, and

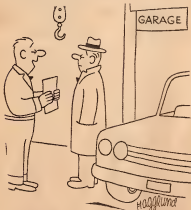
each morning had to admit that she had not found one. Then, during one of the conversations between Byron and Shelley, something was said about the artificial creation of life, and the experiments of Dr Darwin. As she writes in the preface to her book, "The events on which this fiction is founded has been supposed, by Dr Darwin, and some of the physiological writers of Germany, as not of impossible occurrence."

And that night, 19-year-old Mary Shelley had a vision:

"I saw — with shut eyes, but acute mental vision — I saw the pale student of unhallowed arts kneeling beside the thing he had put together — I saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out, and then, on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life, and stir with an uneasy, half vital motion. Frightful it must be, for supremely frightful would be the effect of any human endeavor to mock the stupendous mechanism of the Creator of the world.

"His success would terrify the artist; he would rush away from his odious handwriting, horror-stricken. He would hope that, left to itself, the slight spark which he had communicated would fade, that this thing, which had received such imperfect animation, would subside into dead matter, and that he might sleep on the belief that the atrocious creature would squinch forever the transient existence of the hideous corpse which he had looked upon as the cradle of life.

"He sleeps, but he is awakened; he



"I've prepared a detailed estimate for you, Mr Jackson — or, I mean Mr Jackson."

open his eyes, behold the horrid thing stands at his bedside, ogreing his curtains, and looking on him with yellow, watery, but speculative eyes."

And with that Frankenstein and his monster were unleashed on the world. In 1931 the film starring Boris Karloff as the monster was released. It quickly became a classic, and spawned dozens of other Frankenstein movies, including Frankenstein Meets The Wolf Man.

Now the Wolf man is usually a nice enough guy who falls in love with a pretty girl and on the eve of his betrothal notices the dread upon he will turn into a wolf. Hair begins to grow on the back of his hands and patches on his body. And when the full moon reaches its peak the transformation from man into wolf is complete. The horrible, half-man, half-wolf lopes into the night, in search of a victim to satisfy his craving for human flesh.

And here we are back on historical fact, for werewolves have been described since ancient times. The classical Greek historians, Plutarch, Herodotus and Pausanias, cite cases of lycanthropy, or men turning into wolves, and there is a typical werewolf story in the Satyricon of the Roman writer Petronius.

In fact, there is an actual pathological aberration in which the patient thinks he is a wolf in order to justify a craving for raw flesh, usually that of human beings. It is usually accompanied by the delusion on the part of the lycanthrope that a physical transformation occurs during these crises - and it very often does. A raving psychotic who thinks he is indeed a wolf will have no trouble in distorting his features into a wolfish snarl while he tears his victims to pieces with his "claws". And a psychosis in the grip of his delusion is an extraordinarily powerful creation.

Anyone who has seen an actor transform himself from a mild mannered person into a demonic brawler in a matter of seconds, with nothing but his craft to further the illusion, can imagine the tremendous potential of a real brawler who actually believes he is a wolf.)

In addition to the psychotic lycanthrope, there have been a few cases of people who have wolf-like features and hair all over their bodies and faces. This rare medical condition is called hypertrichosis. In 1556 a hypertrichotic person named Peter Gonsalez was born in the Canary Islands. The child was sent as a gift to King Henry II of France,



BOCC

and there he joined the king's collection of dwarfs, gnomes and other malformed individuals who have always seemed to amuse kings throughout history.

Known as the Wolf man, Gonsalez was permitted to marry a lovely woman, but he complained that several of his children showed the same hairy characteristics. A number of paintings of the Wolf man and his family survive to this day: with their hairy faces and elaborate medieval court costumes they are a striking lot indeed.

But if the mad werewolves of the past were content to go on their rampages once a month under a full moon, there was another monster whose lust operated round the clock. His name was Bluebeard.

Not England's King Henry the Eighth, who acquired the nickname after dispatching six of his wives when they were unable to produce a royal heir, but a much more sinister and malevolent Frenchman named Gilles de Rais.

As one writer put it grimly, (Continued on page 64)

THE ROARING KILL

FICTION • T. T. FLYNN

When murder joins a fight for riches only
fate crowns the winner — with death!



THE GOVERNMENT man said coldly, "Lanyard, this is the hardest thing I've ever had to do. But I've got my orders. There's your damned permit to graze the sheep. And I wish a bullet went with it!"

Scarles, the grizzled government man, had been raised a cowboy. So had Tom Lanyard. They understood each other.

Lanyard's face was expressionless as he took the paper. "I'd almost be inclined to throw the bullet myself," he said.

* * *

The Palo Verde hotel, massively built of adobe, was two stories high. The bar to the left of the front patio was the centre of the heart — the friendly heart of the friendly San Pedro range. But Lanyard, eating in the noisy clatter of the dining room, was conscious there was no friendliness here for him.

Worse, there was a vague tension in the air, a furtive gathering of hidden strains, like the black storm clouds gathering over Los Hermanos peaks.

Unhormed, Lanyard finished eating and from the table walked through a gauntlet of unfriendly eyes into the lobby. He was aware of chairs scraping back and men drifting after him.

There near the desk other men waited, cowmen, booteds, spurred, dusty, tough. Many were armed. Lanyard's mouth tightened as he moved through them.

"Lanyard!"

The speaker was Buck Loring of the Rafter T, one of the larger spreads to the south. Flanked by a dozen men, Loring stood hard and uncompromising as Lanyard turned a level look.

"I hear you've got a grazing permit for the Herley sheep, Lanyard."

"That's right, Loring."

"You're fishin' to bring those damn woolies over on our grass?"

"It's fair grass, Loring. Fair to anyone who holds a permit."

Buck Loring spat on the floor. He was a big man, broad and solid. Anger was gathering in a slow, dark surge on his face.

"Don't hold me off with fancy words, Lanyard. You were raised on this range. You were a cowman until you got wiped out. You know what it means to bring sheep over on this slope."

"Herley applied for a legal permit."

Loring spat again. "To hell with your damn permit! You're a skunk, Lanyard! But as long as you keep your stink over on the sheep range it's your business. When you come after our summer grass it's my business, and every cowman's!"

"I won't say it's not, Loring."

"Are you sheep coming over?"

"I guess they are."

"You guess?" Loring blazed with rising anger. "They are if you say so! You're in charge! You, who were one of us! You — a damned sheepman now for the Herleys! Think of the

grass your old man stretched to keep! It's worse than if you'd been raised a sheepman! They don't know any better! Are you going through with this?"

"I don't start what I don't aim to finish, Loring!"

Lanyard saw it coming and tried to dodge. He failed. Buck Loring's hard palm cracked like a bull whip against his face. "Pell your gun, you two-faced wolf!" The older man's hand bounced near his gun. He was rigid, red with fury.

"It won't work, Loring," Lanyard said quietly. "I don't aim to be forced into a draw so the lot of you can pot me."

Buck Loring's voice rasped with cold scorn. "You wouldn't have taken that before you went into sheep! Sam Lanyard would turn in his grass on that hill by Clear Creek if he could see you now. Sam was a man. A cowman!"

"Leave the dead alone," Lanyard said.

He was at the start when an oath rang out.



"Are you going to let him walk off on' laugh at us? I'm not! I've gunned wolves before!"

Lanyard wheeled before that threat, drawing his gun. So fast was his flow of motion his crashing gun met the shot he fired.

Plunging out of the line of fire, those who had guns were drawing them. Chunky, black-browed Nance Kennedy, for 10 years a troubleless partner in the Circle K, stumbled back with a crippled shoulder.

Kennedy's bullet had missed its dodging target and dug into the trapping wall behind. And with the same fast flow of motion, Lanyard harked himself at the stags, up behind the false shelter of the barnyard. The better blast of gunfire kept after him. Spent from the wooden barnyard fire against his face. He felt the tug of lead through his weathered sombrero crown as he geared the landing.

Breathing hard, Lanyard belted into his room. He threw up the window and slid over the sill. His feet found the rails below, the outer line

trunk tips, two feet long, of the round beams which supported the second floor.

Hanging at arms-length Lanyard heard the tarrain reach his door. He dropped, lit hard, came up easily, and ran back into the night.

Pausing, he reached the dimness of the lantern-lit livery stable. His saddled room, short-coupled and wary, stood waiting. It was fed, watered, rested and sleek. So swiftly did Lanyard mount and leave, he almost rode down the staring Moccasin by the doorway.

Midnight found the dry, dirt road steeply lifting. The high air of the upper mountains was cool. On the steep slopes the pines stood stark and dark. The distant, dismal howls of a wolf echoed off the high peaks.

Hunched in the saddle, Lanyard heard their call. He thought aloud, "Loner wolves. Have to trap 'em out. They'll be hell on the sheep." Then with only the moon and pines to warn him, he muttered, "The sheep," and spat.

The Hanley house faced south,

where the warm sun flooded the long front porch. There on the porch, where he lived these days from the sun-up to sun-down, old Rack Hanley's querulous voice cut through the rising haze.

"Did you get the parrot, Tom?"

Walking stiffly onto the porch, Lanyard said, "I got it". He nodded stoody to the younger man who stood by Rack.

Cliff Davis was about 30. His round, handsome face was shaven and alert. Today, Lanyard noticed with swift distaste, Cliff was wearing a new grey suit and a bright tie, and trousers were tucked neatly into expensive, soft-leather riding boots. Lanyard realized that these days, Cliff Davis always dressed up when he rode over to visit.

No reason why he shouldn't be well dressed, Lanyard gradually conceded.

Cliff Davis looked what he was — a prosperous sheepman. But the signs were not hard to read. He lifted thick eyebrows. "Going to use that parrot?"

"I got it, didn't I?"

Rack Hanley moved feebly. As usual, Lanyard was startled by the sight of the shrunken, withered figure.

Years ago, Rack Hanley had been a big man. He'd been confident and masterful in his strength. The blight of paralysis had been doubly cruel. Rack's spirit had broken, too. The shrunken shell in that blanketed

Lanyard eyed him coldly. "I never be a sheepman."

In the silence which followed, all three looked at the door. It was opening.

Rack called, "Kay, we can talk tonight! Tom got the permit! Tell mother!"

Kay was dark-haired, with a wary pride behind the fine and sometimes of the early twenties. A new

sheepman. Lanyard never raised his voice.

Cliff Davis looked unsmiling. "Lastly, Kay said, "Tom, you look worn out. You rode all night, didn't you?"

"I'm as fresh as a spring rose," Tom said.

"Coffee, something to eat, and bed for you, my boy," Kay said firmly. She turned to the older woman. "Never mind mother, I'll do it."

In the kitchen, as she measured coffee, Kay said, "You weren't very nice to Cliff."

"What me to be tender and gentle with him, Kay?"

"Isn't?" Kay said, flushing. "You know what I mean. Cliff tries to be nice. He came over this morning to offer father a loan. Cliff's been a sheepman all his life. He knows how things are."

"You mean I don't?"

"Are we going to argue again?" Kay said with compassion. "We couldn't have gone on without you, Tom. You know that perfectly well. But you've always been a crowman. Cliff and my father are sheepman. They sat eye to eye."

Lanyard said, "Well—"

Kay turned suddenly and picked up the battered cushion. She put her finger on the bullet hole. "Trouble, Tom?"

"Nothing to speak of."

"That permit makes everything all right, doesn't it?"

Lanyard grinned reassuringly. "Oh, sure, here it is to me. I'll bring the sheep through until we get rain."

"Will it ever rain again?" Kay burst out. "The range is ruined anyway!"

"It's as dry as the San Pedro side as it is where we're grazing! But they still have grass."

"Here drink your coffee—cowman!" Kay flushed with quick annoyance. Immediately she was apologetic. "I'm an ill-tempered wench. Tom—you look so tired."

But the thing was always there ready to flare up, Lanyard reflected glumly. Sheepman—cowman, always antagonistic. What hopes could two people build on so unstable a foundation?

Then a little later in bed, Lanyard thought dreamily that solitude was even better than a good meal and a soft bed. It soothed, comforted and brought strength for the future. It even helped a joint endure a constant visitor like Cliff Davis.

Eight days later, Scarier, the government man, saw Lanyard lie awake amply from his saddle. "If



"I'm ready, sweetie."

chair was not the Rack Hanley who had come West with young Sam Lanyard, when the range on both sides of Los Hornos peak was high and virgin.

Rack's voice was fretful. "Everything's all right now, isn't it, Tom?" Lanyard's face softened. "It's all right, Rack. Leave it to me."

Cliff Davis' lips curved to uncover strong, white teeth. "You've turned quite a sheepman, haven't you, Lanyard?"

angerness crept into Lanyard's face. He was smiling when a graying, motherly little woman came out a moment later and lost her worried look at the news.

"I declare, I'm so relieved," Ma Hanley confessed thankfully. "Tom, I don't know what we'd do without you."

Cliff Davis laughed. He put on gallantly. "I'm always around Mother Hanley."

"It does seem so," Lanyard agreed.



will mean murder. And 14 head gamblers won't stop it! Every cowboy on the San Pedro range is ready to fight!"

Lanyard was quiet, unshaven, and unmoved. "Then I'll hire more gunmen, Scarles."

Two thousand feet above them thunder rolled over Little Hornsno peak. But the black clouds were scattering to the west. Five thousand feet below, the sheep country searched in glaring sunlight.

In sudden passion Lanyard shook his hat at the retreating clouds. Then he gestured violently at the dry, close-grazed meadow, the bleating sheep which scattered everywhere, and the cook wagon at the lower end of the meadow where the head gambler lounged.

"There's no pasture left below us, Scarles!" Lanyard bit out. "There'll be no more growth until we get rain — and the rain don't come! Herley's sheep must have grass or they'll be dying off before the summer's over, let alone making out through the winter. I've hidden five homes under in the last eight days, hiring guards and getting the sheep headed toward Echo Canyon for the tally into government land. Herley's sheep are going to live, if I can rule and fight!"

Scarles' voice was heavy. "A range war is a terrible thing, Lanyard. You're young, but you should know. Beckhausen can't explain your dishonesty."

"I'll not order the first shot fired," Lanyard said wearily.

Scarles' reply was a flare of

temper. "I warned you it was too wild a thing for one man, Lanyard. It's coming. Make no mistake. You're a fool to chase it, a criminal fool!" The grizzled little man angrily squared away.

Lanyard stared after him for a full minute, and then sighed, and rode down to the cook wagon. His manner was grim when he pulled up by the lounging men.

They were not a gruffy lot, but they would fight — for a price.

"We'll start the sheep into Echo Canyon tomorrow," Lanyard told them. "And whenever they're past the tally point you can look for trouble."

"How much trouble, Lanyard?"

"That's up to you men."

A second man spoke. "I'll risk my neck for cash — but not for sheep or glory," he granted, looking around for approval. "A man'd be a fool to look at it any other way."

Lanyard was smiling. But there was no mirth in his voice as he picked up the reins. "You may be right, Dawson. Who knows?"

That was the last time Lanyard smiled that day.

There was hard riding to be done to check the bands of sheep slowly converging toward Echo Canyon. Lanyard tried to drown the turmoil in his mind and the sharp pain, in furious activity.

When he rode wearily back past

(Continued on page 71)



"I think it's time you two left!"



Susan Brown



THE SQUAD

Soldier against soldier, man
against man. Brother ...

FICTION/Graham McLeod

WE WERE in position more than two hours before first light. Widely dispersed, each of us lay silent in the darkness, some sleeping, some thinking. I know I'd slept for a while, faintly, restlessly. I didn't know what was in the other's minds. I'd learned to disregard speculation like that.

But I know what was in mine and I didn't like it. There were too many earmarks of a trap in this deal.

First, there'd been the way we'd got the message about this being the place where we'd meet up with the other squad. It had come through people we'd never met before and we'd taken it at face value. They may have been loyal to our cause or they could have been traitors, plants deliberately leading us into an ambush.

It could be the enemy was waiting for us in the thick timber on the other side of that wide clearing. If this was so, we'd be sitting ducks.

Then, there was the location of the rendezvous. With the river placed as it was there was no easy way for us to get to the timber without being exposed on the alluvial flat. Again, if they were there, it added up to the same total — they'd have us cold. They'd hold their fire until we were halfway across and then they'd let us have it. We'd go to ground and be pinned and they could pick us off as the whim took them. For us, there'd be no advance or retreat without covering fire. Not good.

That being so, I couldn't understand why we'd left it until after dawn before we closed in. Surely we'd have been safer under cover of darkness? But Wilson had told us this was how we'd do it and I wasn't going to argue with him. He was the old hand and this was his job. He'd never thrown men away for these wren's that many of us, anyway.

Lying there, I thought about Wilson.

He was tall, lean, hard, a one-time timber cutter from somewhere north

A fighter and a leader. Unlike the old army, we didn't bother about ranks. No one was in and when we addressed him it was either as Wilson, or Boiz, or maybe Chief. Privately, I always thought of him as That Skinny Bastard.

But I respected him. He was a coldly methodical killer and he demanded but one thing of us, that we became as objectively efficient as he.

Mostly, we did it with the knife or the thin nylon cord because it was quieter that way. We'd hit and be gone before the enemy realized what had happened. Kill and run. Numbers weren't important but mobility was.

When we were cornered and had to fight our way out we did it without drama. Each member of the squad supported another, knowing the time could come when he himself would desperately need help. We were a team.

Our own wounded could be a problem.

Wilson would look at a man who was hurt, making a quick assessment of his chances of survival to fight again. If he deemed them to be fair we'd take endless trouble to help a man to a safe place where he could undergo rough surgery.

But if Wilson considered the odds poor, or the safety of the squad likely to be jeopardized, then the decision would be prompt.

It had been like that with young Bartley whose leg was so badly mangled by a grenade we had no hope of saving him. He just lay there silently watching us as we gathered about him, staring down. There was a quest begging in his eyes as he looked from one to the next. Then he sighed, resigned. It was the end of the line.

Gently, Wilson took the boy's rifle and ammunition. That's all there was.

"Sorry, kid," he said. "You know what to do."

Bartley tried for those few extra seconds of life.

"Leave me," he said. "I'll do it as soon as you've gone."

The moments ticked by.

"Now, kid," Wilson said. "While we're here. Then we'll know if you





don't and they get you, they'll make you talk. You know that. Get a cover."

Bartley fumbled in his breast pocket and took out one of the cyanide capsules we all carried. He slipped it into his mouth, hesitated, then bit. He stiffened and then slumped, his eyes staring and his jaw hanging.

Wilson felt for his pulse, then he gave one of his rare orders.

"Bury him," he said, "and fast. I want to run out of here before they come back."

"But he ain't cold," someone demurred. "Jesus, it's too quick!"

Wilson turned at the speaker.

"He ain't goin' to get any hotter. Move!"

Bartley had been the first after I'd joined the squad and those who followed him, knowing the rules, did it quickly. There was no other solution.

Silently, I moved myself and crept over to where Wilson lay. He was staring ahead through the now lightening gloom.

"Boss," I said, "I've got a question."

"Who hair?" he grunted. "Well, what's it?"

"Why don't we try getting over there before it's daylight? Don't you reckon there'd be less bleeding that way?"

He rolled over on one side, regarding me.

"What's that thing in the middle of my face?" he asked.

"Your nose?"

"Yep. My nose. And I've learned to pay quite a bit of attention to what it tells me. It's smelling trouble. Right now, it's telling me that over there we could run into big strife. I didn't like the way we got those orders. It was too different. If something's wrong, they'd be waiting for us. Very ready. So we're going to sit tight until it's light enough for us to have a good look."

That was good enough for me. I had a lot of faith in Wilson's nose. It'd saved our lives before this, maybe including mine.

There wasn't any point in going back to my previous position as I stayed where I was. Anyway, I liked being next to Wilson. Somehow it made me feel safer.

We waited until the light came, the sun dispersing the early mists that hung over the over flat. I heard Wilson move and I watched him take his fieldglasses out of their case, putting them to his eyes and turning the focusing wheel with a fingertip. Methodically, he traversed from left

to right, then back again. Suddenly, he paused and I saw he was straining, concentrating.

He put the glasses down and rubbed his eyes across his forehead.

"The bastards!" he said softly, then he handed the binoculars to me in an invitation to take a look, silently pointing the direction I peered through the eyepieces. At first it was blurred. I hadn't focused properly. I saw what looked like three large rocks hanging beneath the trees. Then it became clear.

They were bodies and I felt the cold run through me. Two men. One woman.

"Who are they?" I asked quietly.

"Don't you know? It's Scanlon and his wife and son. They got them. So it was a trap."

THE TWO-COUPLE SWAP ORDPOTS



Wine-sippers who stick to moving with only one other couple usually drop out of group sex activities a lot sooner than husbands and wives who go in for sex, night and 10-people orgies. Two-couple swappers usually wind up on the same boring rut that drives them to experiment sexually in the first place....

"What now?" I queried.

"They'll be waiting for us," he said. "They want us to see their bodies, knowing we'll lower them and bury them. As soon as we're in the open, they'll carve us up. Well, it ain't goin' to happen."

I liked that put. When looked at his watch.

"What've you got in mind, Boss?" I asked.

"The reception committee should be in position just about now," he said. "We'll give 'em 15 minutes more. Then we move out."

That didn't appeal at all.

"Over that flat?" I asked. "Boss, they'll murder us. We wouldn't have a chance! There's 300 meters out there where you'd be up till hating an egg! I'll be like a shooting gallery."

"Well spread," he assured me. "But we've got to draw their fire. It's the only way the others'll see where they are so they can let them from

behind. That scrub's thick."

"What others?" I demanded.

"There's only a dozen of us."

"You're wrong," he contradicted, "it's four."

I stared at him and then I got the message. I looked around me. The only ones I could see were Thompson and Brown, and Wilson and me. Four. Bloody hell!

"I sent the others off two hours ago," he said. "Didn't I mention it to you?" and I saw he was grinning at me. He must have done it while I was sleeping.

Almost unconsciously, I pressed down on my pocket, feeling the little lump my pill made. I'd the notion that this may be the day I'd be needing it.

"No, you didn't, Boss. And a damned good thing. This way I'm only going to be scared for a few minutes instead of a couple of hours."

"Relax, Joe. They may be cock shots," he said.

"Boss, it ain't going to help none if they aim at you and hit me."

I checked my rifle, making sure the magazine was full and that no dirt had got into the mechanism. The grenades hung from my belt within easy reach and my knife slid in and out of its scabbard, smoothly and easily.

In a situation like this, I wanted everything going for me.

Wilson watched my preparations.

"How long've you been in the squad now, Joe?" he asked.

"It seems like since the floor war, Boss," I told him, I thought back over the blunder time. "About four months, I reckon."

He nodded. "That's what I made it," he said. "You've learned at all well. You're a good boy, Joe."

I felt embarrassed at that, which from Wilson was high praise. I knew I had to change the subject.

"You know, Boss, I've only one ambition," I remarked.

"What's that?"

"I'd like to be a real old man," I answered. "Like maybe 70 years. That means I've only got 48 to go. But sometimes I think I'm not going to make it."

"You're kidding," he said, pretending surprise. "That is a fine life for a young chap. Adventure. Open air. Always on the move. No time to get bored. Never a dull moment."

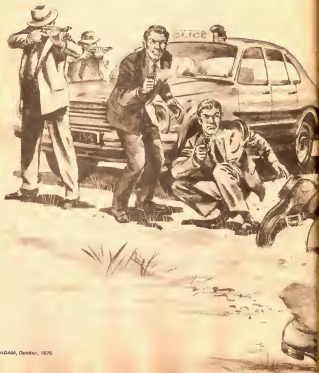
"And seldom a quiet one, either," I told him.

But it had worked and now I grinned back at him. I felt better. The panic had gone and I was ready.

(Continued on page 78)



THE CLOCKWORK



CAPER

It was planned as a clockwork caper, but once you had form you were taped. All they had to do was look up.

FICTION/Alex Tait

THE SMALL New South Wales township was quiet under the hot sun. It was early afternoon. Few people were on the streets. Those who were not in cars were keeping well into the shadow thrown by the boardings and trees.

A Chrysler Valiant rumbled onto the main street. It crawled along the hot tarmac and swung left, nose into the kerb. The driver was middle aged, pudgy and nervous. He glanced through the windscreen at the delatessen opposite, then along at the fruit shop and the bank. Having really seen nothing, he dropped his eyes to the passenger seat. With a deep sigh he picked up a clipboard and began working on his sales figures once again.

It was a lazy kind of day.

Suddenly a man appeared at the entrance of the bank. He was tall,





"Here's a muscle ache, a coming attractions flyer, and a dirty napkin from Blackdonald. Make sure you put them where your mouth will find them in the morning."

this, and somewhere in his late counting. Two or three days stubble of beard covered his chin and his black hair hung as a shaggy mass to his shoulders. In one hand he carried a canvas bag, with the words **BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES** stamped on it. His other hand clenched the butt of a Luger automatic pistol. His name was Clarke.

He blinked, both from surprise and from the bright light. Then he went down the six marble steps onto the footpath and glanced frantically up and down the street.

There was a sudden shot. It echoed out of the bank door and bounced between the white facades of the shops. He spun about wildly as another man appeared at the top of the steps.

The second man was called Goody. He was big, broad and pot bellied. His shirt was open to the waist, showing a mass of jet black curls. Black curly hair covered his square skull. He also had not shaved for a couple of days and the dark growth ran over his chin like a deep shadow. His gun was a World War 2 carbine.

He clumped down the steps and joined Clarke.

"Where is he?" he demanded.

"How the hell do I know."

"He should be here."

"I bloody well know he should be here."

"Then why isn't he?"

"For God's sake..." Clarke had been pacing impatiently up and down the footpath. Now he took a step towards the curb and squinted down the glaring street. "What we gonna do?"

Goody sluggishly shrugged and

muzzled at the Luger tapping the window. He gulped and hurriedly wound down the glass.

"You're gonna be a bum," Clarke snapped. His arm snaked in to open the rear door and he climbed into the back seat. Yelling at Goody, "Get in beside him."

Goody slammed the door shut. Clarke ground the Luger barrel into the thick folds of flesh at the back of the fat man's neck. "Move."

"Where?"

"Let's get moving first mate," Clarke was shouting, but he couldn't help it. They had maybe a handful of seconds to clear the township. "MOVE."

The fat man reached forward a thick soft hand and switched on. Nothing happened. He began to tremble.

"Try putting her into neutral first, dummy," Clarke snapped. "Oh."

The car roared, and reversed, making an obscuring car-swerve. The fat man was about to roll forward and let it pass when he felt the pistol upon "Forget him," Clarke snapped.

The fat man pulled the wheel



"Of course I realize I made a terrible mistake, dear... I should have gone with him to a motel."

round hard and stamped on the accelerator. The Valiant jerked forward. They raced up the main street towards the perimeter of the township.

"What happened to Roberts?" Goochy asked, blankly.

"Shot up," Clarke snapped in exasperation. "I told you Names. Don't use names."

"Oh, yeah."

"He must have backed out."

"Why would he do that?"

"Why, doesn't matter. When I catch up with him he won't have time to explain." He tapped the barrel on the fat man's head. "Faster."

Just then a patrol car came cruising across from the right. The two cops hit up when they saw the racing car had accelerated.

"Faster," Clarke screamed.

The whine of the siren followed them. Red lights flashing, the patrol car pulled out to overtake and block.

"Okay," Clarke snapped. "Stop."

As if he was only too happy to oblige, the fat man hit the brakes and the Valiant screeched to a stop. All three men were thrown forward. The patrol car, taken by surprise, shot past before stopping with screeching tyres. Both cops jumped out.

Clarke was already out of the car, standing beside the driver with the muzzle of the Luger pointing into the fat man's chest.

"All right," he called. "Stay where you are."

Both cops pulled up, their hands dangling uncertainly above their holsters.

"And leave those alone. Now, what you bikies do is stay where you are. Or else our driver here gets instant brain surgery with a bullet. Understand?"

Both cops nodded.

"Right. I don't want to see you, or any of your mates."

He clambered back into the car, his gun still pointing at the driver's head. "Right," he muttered. "Let's go."

The driver put the Valiant in Drive. The cops moved quickly to one side.

"Please," the driver implored as he drove past them. He pulled hard on the wheel and the Valiant swung around the patrol car.

"All right," Clarke said, watching through the rear window. "Let's see some speed."

Within moments they were on the outskirts of the town, heading west along a narrow farm-track road. Dust rose in clouds behind them, to be shed out even more by the hissing gun.

"What a bloody mess," Clarke said, slumping down into his seat, the Luger resting flat on his lap. "What a bloody mess."

"We got the money," Goochy put in, standing the butt of the carbine on the floor.

Clarke slowly shook his head in wonderment. "Sure we've got the money. But we should be well away by now with everyone lost for where to look for us. Instead, we have to stop and let the cops know what we look like, what guns we're carrying and what detection we're heading in."

Goochy stared through the wind-screen for a while. Then, turning in his seat again he said "What we got rid of the baggy now?"

"We can't."

"Why not?"



"So far I haven't seen one used or released up here."

Clarke sighed. "Because we need him as a hostage now."

"Ah."

"Ah, for goodness' sake."

The driver said nothing. Instead he concentrated on the heavy road, doing his best to avoid the potholes and stones. Sweat streamed down his face to soak his shirt. It also trickled down his arms to soak his hands and the steering wheel.

"What's the price like?" Clarke asked, after a long while.

"Three, three and a half," the fat man answered hoarsely.

"What does the do?"

"S... 17, 18."

"Where does this lead?"

"Simpsonton Bend."

"What's that?"

"Towns. A small one. Just a pub and a few houses."

"Is there a petrol station along the way?"

"No."

Clarke fell silent again, thinking

This wasn't the way he'd planned it. Everything should have gone like clockwork. But that bastard Roberts ... backing out like that, running and leaving them in trouble. His mind went back further, just a week before, when he and Goochy had been working in the small Sydney engineering factory, Processors, that's all they were. Turning threads on lathes, 10 hours a day for a miserable \$140 a week.

He'd been thinking about the bank for a long time. He'd even spent the weekend there, quietly looking around. Then he'd carefully scouted out Goochy, making sure he had no pit form. Goochy was happy about it, he even applied the arms. Off a friend he said. Never mind. War souvenirs, with the firing pins still intact.

But that bastard Roberts.

"What was that shot?" he asked suddenly.

Goochy stiffened. Then, turning about, he tried to smile.

"Well?"

"They were about to mate."

"So?" Clarke asked, his heart beginning to hammer even faster if he'd.

"So I put a bullet in the roof. Just to keep them in line."

Clarke let out a long sigh of relief.

"Where am I supposed to be going?" the fat man asked.

"Just keep driving."

He opened the canvas bag beside him. Inside were bundles of one, five, 10 and 20-dollar bills. He picked out a bunch of 10s and thumbed it. It felt good. Christ, if only Roberts had played straight instead of backing out. They'd be far away, in the clear.

He sat up. Fifty metres ahead, a rough track ran off the road. It led

(Continued on page 62)

NIGHT VISIT

Continued from page 8

with the wind rustling the trees he sounded like a flock of sheep at the run. I took advantage of his noise and made my own. Now I was in the scrub it was all I could do to stop from laughing out loud.

Those hands were going to wish they'd stayed in that filthy little back bridge this night was out.

Under cover of the scrub, I stalked the shadowy figure that moved slowly ahead of me. I could have shot him at will, but it was preferable to get rid of him in silence — the less any of them knew about what was happening the better — for me.

He was nearly silhouetted against the light walls of the house as he lurched over his companion. There was no explanation and he panicked, starting without any attempt at stealth along the line of scrub, toward me. He was running to his other room, on the other side of the house.

I enjoyed my grip on the rifle and, holding it like a baseball bat, waited behind a tree. Just before he passed my tree I stepped out and swung the butt hard at his pale face. It connected with a jolt that hurt me all the way up to my shoulders.

He was the short, meekly one who'd dropped the bottle, the last

one he'd ever drop (and I exchanged my 22 for his .303) the rifle was almost as long as he was. I checked the magazine, pocketed a handful of spare shells and started after the last half of the team.

Shots came from their positions. My heart leapt — what if Julie had become unable to stand the cellar any longer and had come out? I raced along at headneck pace, somehow managing to keep my feet. More shooting. At last I could see the bedroom side of the house. It had been covered fire — one of them was standing against the wall, creeping up on the window.

The other would be in the scrub somewhere, ready to protect his friend. They couldn't know what had happened on the other side, so probably thought I was still inside. The lights against the wall seemed to be at a loss for what to do — he was standing there, unmoving. No doubt he didn't relish the idea of sticking his head through the broken pane and maybe get it blown off. I decided to put him out of his misery. Thinking the safety, I did my breathing and took first pressure on the trigger, aiming into the upper third of the target. The big weapon heaved as it detonated. Without hesitation I rolled over and assumed a new position, watching along the scrub for the one still under cover.

The figure near the house was on the ground and screaming. I took

advantage of the noise to work the night on the rifle. A thing happened for a couple of minutes, except the shouting died — hissing groans — long shots? I must have put him out of misery but the sounds would reassure the others if he hadn't been unscrewed already.

"John! John!" His voice was on the verge of cracking. I cradled the rifle in my arms and pointed toward him. There was a last huddling panic and the sounds from the wounded man ceased, leaving a silence that would work on my men just as well.

I was close enough by then to hear his sobbing — I had no pity — they asked for everything they got. If it had been somebody defenceless they had taken on they would have relished it — terrorised them to the limit, maybe even worse. Their type didn't deserve to live.

His quivering voice rose, "All right. All right. Mister. Mister! I give in. Don't shoot!" I let him sweat for a minute. "Get into the clearing. Hands on your head!" He gasped as I started to speak, surprised at my leniency, then did as I asked. It was lumber-jerked and he was a far cry from the tough guy of earlier that evening. The body was mottled by white scars similar to those of a child after a big bow.

In the house I had him up, military style — a piece of string tied to a thumb, passed around his neck then tied to the other thumb after pushing his hands high up his back. Any attempts to escape would cause the thin cord to bite painfully into his throat.

Julie was a man when she came out of the back door, dirty and crying, she locked her arms around me and refused to let go. Eventually I disentangled myself and, torch in hand, inspected the bodies — they were all dead.

Since that night two years ago, I have moved easily more many times, and no matter which way I look at it, I come to the conclusion that I was justified in my actions. The great pity is that the jury (who, as taxpayers contributed to my army training) didn't agree and returned a guilty verdict for murder.

The judge said that I had gone too far in clubbing that man to death, when, because of my training, I had the advantage and therefore should have used less violent methods. However, because of the "mitigating circumstances", he sentenced me to 10 years.

So that's the name of the game and I'll say this however, "No bastard is ever going to hurt my Julie."



THE NAZI TORTURER OF STALAG 12 Continued from page 13

Lowry was barely able to concentrate on his work as the hours dragged by. What if I'm wrong? he brooded. Lots of people look alike. And it's been 30 years since I saw him last. The first instinct was to forget the whole matter. Then memories of his months of horror and degradation in the stalag flooded back. He had learned after the war that he was the only survivor of Stalag XII. The other POWs, after their hasty evacuation from the camp, had died when the train transporting them north had been strafed and bombed by R.A.F. planes unaware that the sealed benches below held dozens of Allied prisoners. Lowry was literally the only man alive who could identify Dieter Metz as a murderous butcher. That such a monster should be permitted to live in freedom was intolerable.

At Lowry made his move during lunch hour, when he spotted "Fred Schmidt" seated with the other inspection team members on the far side of the cafeteria. Lowry swung down his coffee, moving around to approach "Schmidt" from the rear. He halted immediately behind the man, and in a loud voice:

"It's been a long time, Sergeant Metz."

Except for a slight tightening of his heavy shoulders, "Schmidt" showed no reaction to the words. Lowry walked over to face him, stared down into the man's cold gray eyes. "Don't you remember me, sergeant?" he asked. "Al Lowry. From Stalag XII."

"You are mistaken," "Schmidt" replied, his face impassive. "My name is Fred Schmidt."

"But you were in the German army during the war?"

"Schmidt's" expression hardened. "I don't see what concerns that is of yours. As a matter of fact, I was, along with seven million other men of military age. However, that was a quarter of a century ago. If you will excuse me, I will now finish my lunch."

Put off balance by "Schmidt's" calm manner — and the curious gaze of other men in the cafeteria — Al Lowry nodded and backed away. For the next few days, Lowry cautiously questioned long time mill employees, learned that "Schmidt" had immigrated to the United States in 1953, had worked at the mill most than 15 years, had a reputation as a solid family man, was well-liked by



"You just because you have those real impulses to tear off your clothes doesn't mean you have to be institutionalized. I can put you up at my place."

all his associates. That he had once been the cold-blooded killer Dieter Metz seemed improbable.

Lowry had almost decided he had made a mistake when he had his first brush with death. The short steel drop was a huge building with a high, girdered ceiling, lined with catwalks, dollies, complicated winch lifting devices and other machinery. Late on the afternoon of May 13, Lowry was busy working his post when the assistant foreman gestured to him. He stepped away back from the equipment — and, barely a second later, a heavy wrench fell from the ceiling, slammed to the concrete floor in the exact spot where Lowry had stood an instant before. The sound of the impact cut above the roar of the steel grinders.

"Christ, that was close!" the foreman yelled, hurrying over to Lowry. "Your head would have been smashed like a ripe tomato! I'm really gonna chew out the dumb son of a bitch who dropped it!"

"However, no one was fazed above. 'Yellowbelly must have run,'

the foreman grumbled. "Didn't want to admit he'd made a dumb mistake!"

That's one possibility," Al Lowry said wryly, wondering where "Fred Schmidt" had been when the wrench was dropped.

Although he couldn't be sure that "Schmidt" had tried to kill him, the incident helped him make up his mind about a course of action. The next morning he called in sick, then drove to the town's police headquarters, reported his suspicions to a hard-boiled detective sergeant named Robert Collins.

"What do you want me to do about it?" Collins asked gruffly. "Was a loud crash — and it happened 30 years ago! I have no legal reason to question this man Schmidt!"

"At least check it out with the FBI or somebody," Lowry pleaded. "Maybe Schmidt is his real name. I read up on war crimes after I was released. A lot of SS men with bad records got permission to put aliases on duty after 1944, just in case the Allies won."

"Okay, I'll send a letter off," Collins agreed reluctantly, "but I kind of doubt you'll get any sort of satisfaction. The Federal Government stopped looking for suspected Nazi war criminals way, way back."

Trying to put it all out of his mind, Al Lowry returned to work the next day. A few minutes after punching in, he was summoned to the office of Wilfred Krugen, the supervisor of the street metal division. "Lowry, I hear you've been asking other workers all sorts of questions about Fred Schmidt," Krugen said indignantly. "What's the story?"

"No story. I thought I knew him during the war, that's all. In a POW camp."

"Fred is the captain of my bowling team," Krugen said with a deep frown, "and a great guy, if it wasn't for him, we wouldn't have raised more than a couple of bucks for hemorrhoids this year. Sure, he was in the German Army. Got wounded fighting the Communists at

Stettinagrad. Hell, I was on Guadalcanal but you don't see me going around picking on Japs in 1973! Let bygones be bygones."

"Wasn't like that," Lowry muttered. "Did Schmidt put you up to this?"

Krugan glared at him. "Never mind a frigging word to me, Lowry. And if you want to keep your job, stop asking around about Fred. I don't know what's on your mind but he's my pal and I don't want newcomers like you messing his reputation. Last time I'm gonna talk about it."

Lowry's bitterness increased when, less than a week later, he got a phone call at home from Sgt Collins. "Washington wrote back, Mr Lowry," the policeman said. "There are no war crime charges pending against either a Dieter Metz or a Fred Schmidt."

"There sure oughta ought to be!"

Lowry answered. "Metz was also a guard at Auschwitz. Maybe the West Germans or the Israelis are looking for him."

"That's way out of my jurisdiction," Collins sighed. "I'd advise you to forget it. After all, you admitted you aren't dead sure it's the same man."

Several days after that Al lent his car to Mark Jacobson, a good friend of his from the plant. Mark had said something about having to pick up something early the next morning and his car was in the shop.

Later that afternoon Mark was still out. Al worried a bit about the car but trusted Mark enough to let the matter slide. Al felt his stomach drop to his feet about four o'clock when Krugen came running out of his office announcing something. From where Al was stationed it was all pretty incoherent but he found out what had happened soon enough. Mark had had an accident. A big one. And he was dead.

"Cops said he must have lost control of the car when he drove around the curve on Bridge Road and crashed head-on into a pole," Krugen said, himself visibly upset. "Sorry, Al," he added, passing Lowry on his way back to his desk.

It didn't strike Al right away that the car might have been tampered with or made so it could only hold up a few more miles. If that was the case, it was meant for him, and he really had Dieter Metz pegged. But still, he wasn't really sure.

Al Lowry was sure two nights later, when that Fred sedan nearly ran him down as he left the Blue Raven Bar. "Fred Schmidt" was Dieter Metz - and the German planned to silence him forever.

Thirty years before - when he was 13 - Al Lowry had vowed to kill Metz if he had encountered the German anytime in the following decade, he would have undoubtedly carried out his promise. But now - 49 and feeling it, barely able to recall the names and faces of the dead friends he had sworn to avenge - Lowry realized that he was incapable of murder. But that Dieter Metz obviously wasn't!

Lowry decided, the morning after he was nearly flattened by the "hit and run driver", that his only course was to quit his job and head back east, contact European governments that might still be seeking Metz as a war criminal. His determination to see the German punished remained as strong as ever.

He went to work, stopped to check "Fred Schmidt's" car. As chief of the safety division, he had a specially marked space in the plant parking lot. The vehicle was a brand new, unmarked Buick. The car that had attacked him the night before



"I caving from the trees because there's all sorts of scary, creepy things on the ground."

had been a mid-range Ford. Lowry must have stolen it, Lowry thought.

His first stop was "Schmidt's" office. He had rehearsed the speech he planned to make to the German: "No sense trying to murder me anymore, Metz. . . I've talked to the cops, gave them your name. . . Both names. . . They've sent reports to Washington. . . Damned thing you could do is knock me off. . . Who do you think they'll look for first if I got killed 'accidentally', you damn Kraut pig?"

He never got to speak those words, since "Schmidt" had left on a routine tour of the main steel mill. "Tell him I'll be back later," Lowry muttered at the German's secretary. "Say former IFC Al Lowry called."

When Lowry reached the shop, the foreman told him his job that day would be to run the overhead wrench rig used to remove huge steel plates from the forge presses. He often pulled the duty when the regular operator — a heavy drinker — failed to show up for work.

As he climbed flight after flight of steel stairs to the towering roof of the shop, Lowry wondered how Metz would react to the message he had left at his office. He learned sooner than he had expected. As he worked his way along a catwalk to the witch cage, he heard a faint cheer behind him, turned to see "Fred Schmidt". The man was carrying a massive ballpeen hammer.

"Why are you tormenting me like that?" Schmidt asked, his features a mask of fury.

"You know damned well, Metz," Lowry replied.

"I have told you that I am not the man you once knew," Schmidt said, still coming on.

"If you aren't, what the hell are you worried about?" Lowry said scornfully, waiting for Metz to attack. Once his body hit that floor hundreds of feet below, signs of hammer blows would be obliterated, mender written off as just another "industrial accident".

Lowry expected Metz to charge at any second, swinging the hammer. But the German approached slowly, cautiously, forcing Lowry backward along the catwalk. He knew there was no use yelling for help. The roar of the forges below would drown out his words. He glanced around desperately, looking for a weapon, any weapon.

And then he saw Metz's eyes narrow, braced for an attack. But it didn't come. What was the German up to? Why didn't he charge?

Lowry's retreating right foot felt the catwalk floor suddenly sag



"Dances are easy to find . . . you just sit on a bench reading the Wall Street Journal."

slightly. With a surge of horror, he realized that Metz had set up this whole scene — got the regular operator drunk the night before, knowing that Lowry would take his place. As safety inspector, Metz had the run of the plant at any hour. It would have been easy for him to cut partly through the wires holding a section of catwalk in place. Now he was making damned sure that Al Lowry stepped into the trap!

Unable to go backward, Lowry charged. He saw Metz raise the hammer, threw himself to the right, almost went over the safety rail as the steel ball crashed down on his shoulder. His whole left side ached with pain, he drove his right foot into Metz's face with savage force. Metz lost his grip on the hammer.

Metz, blood streaming from his shattered nose, tried to grab Lowry's throat. The American fell to the catwalk floor, clutching Metz around the legs, attempted to pull him down. But his weakened left arm was unequal to the task. Metz yanked free. Confused, he stopped back, preparing to make a vicious lunge at the prone American, unaware that he was on the unbolted section of walk. The loosened metal gave way with a scream of tortured metal. . .

Through pain-blurred eyes, Lowry saw Dieter Metz plunge to the shop

floor. The screaming Metz's hands clutched the safety rail all the way down, as if he were unable to accept the fact that it was no longer attached to the catwalk.

The death of "Fred Schmidt" went on the record as an accident, although Lowry was questioned at length by the police after his busted shoulder had been set in a cast. "They established that 'Schmidt' was seen wandering around the catwalk — without any good reason — the night before," Lowry — no longer employed by the mill — recently recalled in an interview. "Had to have been him weakened that thing. I guess the company put pressure on to keep the meek little low key. They practically ran the town. I didn't argue, since I was in the class officially. . . But later I got to thinking, decided to release the story as long as real names and places weren't used. I'm still a steel worker and the company could have me blackballed from the industry if they figured I'd done anything to 'embarrass' them. . .

"The way I figure it, the country ought to know what happened. God knows how many other guys like Dieter Metz are walking around the US today, 'voluntary guys' who used to be mass murdered. I'm not a foreigner type and I don't think the government should be either. . ."

Provent far suddenly shouted. "Who wants a hamburger?"

"I'd rather have roast mutton steamed," Moana said loudly.

"That would be something different," Choyce said. "But they don't serve it at the local hamburger bar."

"We could cook him ourselves," Moana said.

"Turned on a spit in the barbecue. I did have it built to roast a sheep. No reason why a man wouldn't fit in it if we cut off his legs and maybe his head. Sort of topped and tailed like gooseberries," he giggled.

Moana smiled. And I didn't like it. I wondered if I could get out of here. "He's an old man, he's probably tough," I said loudly.

"We could marinate him in wine with a few herbs," Choyce said. He giggled again. "The more I think of it, the more I like the idea."

There were murmurs of agreement.

It looked to me as if I had all the makings of an egg, but Moana wasn't a girl like that — was she?

"Do we need vegetables with him?" Moana asked thoughtfully.

"A good steak needs no trimmings, except perhaps a little red wine. I wonder what the authorities would recommend to go with human flesh," he giggled.

"It's a red meat so a red wine," Moana said.

"You must be all mad," I said.

"I don't think so," Choyce said. "What would you do if you were on a ship which sank and you were in a

lifeboat with other men and no food or water?"

"What could I do?"

"Would you eat one of the crew — so you'd survive?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Maybe," I said cautiously.

"It has been done."

"I wouldn't know. I've never been aboard a ship which has sunk."

"It's amazing what people will do, given the right circumstances." He grinned at me.

"That would be cannibalism."

"That is one name for it. And cannibalism is not rare."

I looked at him.

"Perhaps in modified form. Such oral symptoms as the kiss of the adult, forms of affection as my honey, my sugar, are all manifestations of cannibalism."

I shuddered. I'd been in a lot of ports, but I've never been with a crowd like this.

"And you are just the man we need. You won't be squeamish at the sight of blood."

"No, but what about everybody else? It could be messy."

"Oh, we'll be all right. Have another drink everybody," Choyce called gaily.

I went along with the joke, if that's what it was. "He should hang for a few days. New killed meat hasn't much taste."

"We haven't time for that," Moana said impatiently.

"Have you got any sharp knives?" "Fleece."

I felt uneasy about the kitchen. It was tidy, a beautiful job. It was more like a butcher's shop than anything else. There were meat hooks, a rail. There was a cold room.

And there was a big old-fashioned butcher's block in it, the sort of thing found in butcher's shops when they had swordfish steaks. Cut from the trunk of a tree, six feet across and it looked well used.

It suddenly occurred to me that they had done this sort of thing before. And I felt uneasy — again.

Choyce had a beautiful set of butcher's knives. "You could cut up as good as here."

"We probably could," he agreed almost-moderately.

All the knives were as sharp as razors. I couldn't really improve on them, but I took a shining knife to home for show.

Back in the lounge I sat there slowly sharpening the knife and nipping my beer. The crowd watched me. Apprehensively? Maybe not. The more they drank the more their eyes glowered.

I wondered if perhaps Moana had been Choyce's girl. I'm a messy cove when I get a few drinks in me and so I sharpened the knife I looked at him. Perhaps I'd cut his throat. I had another drink. But what the hell I was sitting out of here tomorrow and it would be a long time before I was back — if ever. Though for a woman like Moana I wouldn't mind jumping ship — they'd be lucky to catch me.

"Say, that's a very sharp edge you've got on that knife," Choyce said admiringly. He stood back and looked at me and I didn't like the look. It was cold and and I hadn't been there before.

"Let's have one for the road," Choyce cried.

"Sure," I said. Quite frankly my head was feeling muzzy. Maybe this New Zealand beer was stronger than I thought. But I was accustomed to heavy drinking.

"You don't look too good," Choyce said. "Are you sure you can handle another drink?"

"Sure," I said. I waved the knife. And he stepped back nervously. "Put a double gin in the bar this time."

He brought it back. I drank half of it off in one gulp. "Who's driving?" I asked.

"I'll be driving," Moana said quietly. She was sober.

Then the room started to revolve. I drank the other half of the drink. Choyce seemed to be watching me approvingly. I had to sit down on one of those padded revolving chairs he had. And I spun once and found myself on the floor.

From a long way away I heard Choyce say, "He is a fine specimen, Moana. Who's for devilled kidneys? If we all get to work now we can have them for supper."



"There it is again — laughter."



HELLBOUND EXPRESS

Continued from page 29

"Whoever drew up the plans for that bridge sure knew his business. I guess it was my predecessor?"

Gafar was equally cautious. "Mr. Franklin."

"Franklin..." Merrick echoed the name. "I don't think I know him. They tell me he resigned."

Gafar's eyes betrayed him. It was as though he had been forced to make a decision. Unguarded flashes of conflict flashed before he lowered his head. His voice was thin.

"No..."

"What happened?"

Gafar met his probing gaze. "He was a good man. He was very generous to me. Very loyal." The sudden emotion in the man's voice surprised Merrick.

"But Franklin didn't resign?"

Gafar had made his decision. He looked around furtively, then beckoned Merrick to follow.

He led the way from the edge of the precipice, locating a path worn through the tangled grass. The canopy of trees cut off the last remaining light. They walked downhill for another 10 minutes before Gafar switched on a small torch. The steady beam revealed the

wall of rock across the clearing. Gafar pointed to the narrow entrance of a cave in the hillside.

Merrick signaled for him to proceed. His mind was racing, his tension somehow amplified by the moans screaming from the alien creatures around them.

Inside the cave, the moisture clung to the rocks. A canvas bundle had been slung onto a ledge. Gafar lifted a corner of the canvas sheet, placing the torch on the corpse with the curved knife embedded in its chest.

Merrick controlled his revulsion.

"Harold?" he heard himself ask.

"Mr. Franklin went to his rest one night. I heard them again. I followed Harold when he brought Mr. Franklin here." Gafar turned and spat.

"What were they arguing about?"

Gafar shrugged. "I don't know."

"Who else knows about this?"

"Nobody."

Merrick hesitated. "What about the girl?"

"She wasn't here. Harold had come alone to this camp."

Merrick was conscious of a sudden feeling of relief. But, as he stared down at the knife, his mind became filled with questions. Questions that demanded answers. Questions that peaked at his flesh and made their return through the jungle seem interminable.

At the camp Harold was waiting. "Where have you been?" he demanded.

"Checking the construction." Merrick ignored the deep suspicion with a wave of his hand. "We should be finished in 10 days."

Harold appeared satisfied. "I'll radio Kharotom," he said, "and make the necessary arrangements..."

Merrick ignored the approach of the chopper. He walked instead to where the team of laborers gathered up their tools. The truck had been completed only minutes before. He gazed along the twin ribbons of steel running the length of the bridge. It had taken an additional 15 days to finish the project. Heavy rains had delayed the final stage.

The laborers trooped past him, heading back to where their camp was already being dismantled. Gafar was nowhere to be seen.

Alone under the brooding afternoon sun, Merrick again had time to think. He shivered, despite the heat, as he stood again at that cave with Gafar, looking down on the ugly knife protruding from Franklin's chest. Again there were questions swirling uncontrollably at his mind, one question looming, inescapably, above all the others. Now that the project was finished, would he — Merrick — be the next to join Franklin?

The sound of his name being called spun him around. Suzanne Grant was regarding him with a dubious expression. He was instantly aware of her body, provocatively caged by a tunic and mini skirt, her long legs tucked and bunched. Her perfume drifted on the morning air.

She was equally conscious of the emotions she charged within him. She stepped closer, sniffing, and nodded to the bridge.

"Well, Merrick, it looks as though you can do something properly. I wonder what else you'd be capable of..."

Her question remained unanswered. Merrick expected the sun she had created. He slammed a door in his mind and his voice cracked like a whip.

"Tell me about Franklin."

Her expression changed. Shock competed with anger. "Who have you been talking to?"

"You and Franklin resigned?"

"He did..." She withdrew but he seized her arm.

"Did he tell you he was quitting?"

"No. He told Harold. They came back to Kharotom together and Franklin got straight onto a train for



"No, it's not an infectious disease. It's just that you happen to be the first human to contract it."

"Case I didn't see him." She began to struggle.

"I've got some news for you, Suzanne." Merrick's tone altered for "Franklin's still here."

He led her across to the path which Gafar had shown him. He released his grip on her arm and they walked in silence for a few minutes.

"How long have you been with Interglobal?" he asked her.

"Two years..."

"You must know a lot about them," he suggested, "especially being the president's secretary..."

Her tone was quiet. "Mr Vark's been good to me." Their eyes met. "He flew in today with me - to inspect the project..."

She tripped on the rough surface of the path. Merrick placed an arm around her as they walked. Her perfume was intoxicating. They crossed the clearing and Merrick guided her into the cave. By the weak glow of his cigarette lighter he located the thread and lifted it. Suzanne stopped back, stifling a scream. In his arms she shook uncontrollably. When she could speak, her voice was a whisper.

"Why...?"

The powerful torch beams imprisoned them. Merrick tightened his grip on the girl. The shadowy figures beyond the light carried guns. Harad wheeled another man forward. A small, fat man whose skin and clothes glistened.

"Why?" The small man echoed Suzanne's question. Mottled fingers stroked the grey curls at his temples. "Franklin asked too many questions. He became too dangerous - as you have both become too dangerous."

"Mr Vark..." Suzanne's voice faded as the fat man drew a gun.

"Unfortunately, my dear, you are very expendable. It would have been better if you had accepted things as they were - the good life, the money - even though you may have suspected the truth."

"Which is..." Merrick asked.

"Interglobal carries out projects for - special clients. You might say we are the technological equivalent of Murder Incorporated. We build nuclear reactors in Cuba - structures for international drug runners..."

Vark's teeth flashed. Merrick guessed the man was middle-European. "Take this project - we are building the railroad for a group of African liberation movements. With money from China. The trains will carry guns and munitions into the heart of the African continent - under the cover of the jungle..."

"And Franklin found out?"



"And any incident of a native girl of this planet being seduced by a member of this crew will be dealt with severely."

Again Vark bit his teeth. "Unfortunately, yes." He signaled to Harad. "Take them back to the camp."

"What are you going to do with us?" Suzanne struggled as two uniformed men seized her.

"Tomorrow morning, my dear, the first train will run through here on its way south. Loaded with Arab guns, tanks and missiles. When it does, our project will be finished. We will all leave - except you, and your friend..."

The march back to the camp was in silence. The rasp of boots and the rustle of fringes died on the still jungle air. At a turn in the path they saw a shadowy form. A torch beam flashed near the body, revealing the hideously disfigured, tortured face of Gafar.

The camp was deserted. The laborers had gone. The morning sun glared on the blades of the chopper. Two uniformed guards, carrying sub-machine guns, escorted Suzanne and Merrick to the edge of the gorge.

From the other side, above the wild chatter of jungle animals, came the deep shriek of a locomotive.

Thousands of birds wheeled crazily as puffs of smoke marked the train's progress towards the bridge.

Vark walked from his tent with Harad. The pilot led them to the chopper. Within minutes it was hovering above the bridge. Vark and Harad straining to see the engine as it rounded a curve.

There was a blast from the locomotive. Within that instant, as the two guards looked across to the bridge, Merrick leapt. He flung out down the first man. He scooped up the gun, firing at the other guard, spinning him away, blood-soaked and jerking.

The helicopter hovered 100 feet away. There was no time to aim, no time to estimate range. Merrick swung the gun at the chopper and emptied it. He saw the cabin wall shatter, the pilot slump forward, the machine lurch and plummet. Flares traced its body.

The train was on the bridge. The chopper was like a fireball, smashing down on the locomotive. A dozen different fires leapt up from the bridge timbers. A man, his Arab head-dress in flames, dove into the gorge. The loco backed, its boiler

erupting, a deadly inferno of hot coals and spraying steam. Rolling stock spewed out over the bridge. Flat top trucks, with tanks lashed aboard them, toppled into the ravine. Mustang trucks exploded like a chain of firecrackers, some in mid-air, cleaving great masses of rock from the walls of the gorge, showering buckled track, twisted metal, wheel and flaming wood into the bowels of the chasm below. Again and again the cliff was rocked by thunderous detonations. Then, the entire bridge, its back broken, a blazing mass, slipped and crashed in a furious cloud of dust and smoke.

When the last distant explosion had died away and the ground had ceased to tremble, Murreck lifted himself from the cluster of rocks where he had sheltered Sammie with his body. He eased her to her feet, leading her across to the remains of a tent. He held a canteen of water to her lips. She clung to him, caked as dust. Their eyes met.

"How do we get out of here?" she breathed.

"Only one way — we walk."

For a moment her eyes blazed. She held the torn fragments of her jacket to her tanned skin. "Walk? With you? Through the jungle? That could take days."

Murreck shrugged. "If you flee, we could wait here."

Her face changed. "What for?"

Murreck smiled. "The next train..."

THE CLOCKWORK CAPER

Continued from page 52

into berries rolling back, rough hills touched with dry ridges and burnt grass. Some crows were sitting in a dead pine.

"Turn up there," he pointed at the track.

The fat man swung about on his seat, surprised. "Why there? There's nothing..."

Clarke tapped the swinging haw with the gun barrel.

"Y' see. Of course," The fat man stammered, his eyes full of fear.

The car jouncing off the road onto the bumper track. Wheels, suspension and bodywork whined and shook in protest. Then the car rammed a boulder and stopped. "What the hell?" Clarke muttered.

"Sorry, sorry..." The fat man apologized again and again. Sammie dribbled over his lips onto his shirt front. "I'm not used to driving this fast, and on this kind of road."

"It's not a road," Goochy commented, with a smile.

"You drive, Goochy."

"Okay." He got out and strolled around the back of the Valiant. The fat man shuffled across the seat. Goochy climbed back in, handed his canteen back to Clarke and started the car.

"So, where are we going?" he asked, wrenching the wheel as he

side-slapped an ochre colored slope of rock.

"Watch it! Nowhere in particular, just put 'em keep moving, putting as much distance between ourselves and that bank as possible. Then we dump the car somewhere it can't be easily found and hoof it."

"Ahh"

"What about me?" the fat man gaped.

"Don't quite know yet," Clarke answered coolly.

"We can't just go on driving."

"Just shut up and let me worry about that."

"But what about me?"

"You shut up as well."

Clarke sat back against the seat again, cutting Robins. The bloody yellow-streaked gash. Everything was fine, in, out and away. Except he hadn't been there. He shouldn't have trusted him. There was something about that ready smile. Made him nervous and suspicious. But there hadn't been anyone he'd known without him. Once you had him, you were taped. On record. All they had to do was look you up.

* * *

When the arrow started flickering around Engly on the petrol pump Clarke began looking for somewhere to lose the car. There were not exactly a lot of places. He eventually spotted a narrow ravine, banked with scrub and pitting rock. Goochy drove the Valiant deep into it and pulled up beneath an overhang.

The fat salesman was petrified. Tears had come to his eyes, the rolls of fat on his neck were quivering. Goochy glanced at Clarke questioningly and tilted the Logie.

"No?"

Goochy frowned.

Clarke leaned in through the open door. "Take off your tie," he said. The fat man did so with fumbling hands. "Now your belt." Within seconds the belt was dangling in the soft hands. "Now tie your feet together." The fat man frowned. "You can't leave me here."

"Tie your feet."

"No."

"Goochy?" Clarke called.

"All right, all right." The fat man agreed quickly. Bending forward he tied his ankles. Clarke tied his wrists. "I'll make a phone call in 24 hours and let them know where you are."

"Twenty-four..." The strangled words died away.

"It's better than getting shot. And I advise you to stay inside the car. The dragons are hungry this time of the year and you wouldn't exactly be able to move fast."



"Remember, now also, don't drop your shoulder... keep your head down and put more hip action into it."

He slammed the door shut.
 "Why not let him?" Goushy asked petulantly.
 "We wouldn't gain anything from it, except a meager charge."

"They wouldn't have to find him."

"Think. They'd find the car. What can you gain do with that? Bury it as well?"

When darkness fell about them they were still running. Thankfully they rested in its cover.

Something hard, Goushy gasped, "I could do with a schooner now."

"I could do with a nice tight place," Clarke tapped the money.

"How much do you reckon it is then?"

Clarke shrugged. "Ten thousand?" He guessed.

Goushy whistled. Clarke stood up and started running again. Instantly Goushy followed.

A moon rose and cast a sickly light over the black lunar landscape.

They went on running.

Somewhere during the night a small plane went over.

Clarke stopped and peered into the star filled sky. After a long searching gaze he spotted the small pin points of light that were just that

side illuminated by the stars.
 "What are they?" Goushy asked. Swag just shook his head. The stars and moons and galaxies drifted from him.

"It's them."
 "How'd ya know?"
 Clarke patiently explained.

"They're coming."
 "What the hell do they expect to see?"

"Headlights."
 "Ah!"
 "You ever used thinking?"

"Yeah."
 "Good!"
 Clarke went on running. Goushy stumbled after.

The dawn was thinning out the night when they came to the parched paddocks. A rough fence led past the water tower and home to a small old homestead. Parked in front of the veranda was a Holden utility.

"Let's go," Goushy sat in a high excited voice.

Clarke laughed out and caught it as it was. "Keys?"

"Ah!"
 Clarke tapped his index finger against the side of his skull and lifted his eyebrows. Goushy followed, heavy with fatigue, as Clarke crossed

the parched land to the homestead. Some chickens scattered out of the way. A cockatoo leaped off the roof. Two big rats roared away from the barn.

Their shoes tapped on the four steps as they went up onto the veranda boards. Wood creaked. Clarke hesitated, then went across to the door. It was locked. Turning, he nodded at Goushy's carkeys. "Hold it behind your back for a minute," he whispered. He did the same and rapped on the door.

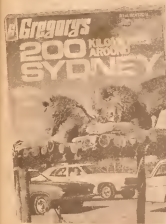
A thin old woman with white hair and eyes for clothes answered. Clarke nodded and smiled. "O'day," he said cheerfully. She eyed him suspiciously. Reaching out he pushed the door feather open. She tried to stop him but she hadn't the strength in her skinny arms. An old man was standing in the shadows.

Clarke pulled out the petrol. The old man's eyes opened wide.

"Quest!" Clarke warned. "And there'll be no trouble."

"What ya want?"
 "Keys to the car."

The old man fished about in his pocket, dragged out the keys and tossed them on the table. "Now, get out."



EXPLORE ALL OF SYDNEY

with Gregory's 200 kms Around Sydney

- WHERE TO GO AT WEEKENDS • SUNDAY DRIVE EXCURSIONS • TRIP MAPS, HISTORIC PLACES
- SUNDAY DRIVE RESTAURANTS • PICNIC SPOTS, NIGHTDRIVING • RUN YOUR OWN CAR RALLY

AVAILABLE FROM NEWSAGENTS, BOOKSHOPS AND GIFTWARE STORES — OR FROM THE GREGORY'S MAP CENTRE, 142 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY.



"No, I'm not surprised that my husband's been 'hooking up with you'. In fact, we were just discussing it . . ."

"Let's have something to eat first."

"Isn't a bloody hotel?"

"Something to eat."

The woman turned to the old stove without waiting for the man to answer. She stopped some porridge into two tin dishes and then poured two mugs of tea.

"That the best you can do?"

"Isn't a bloody hotel?"

Clarke sat down on the bench lying the Lager on the table top he reached for the spoon and began to eat. Gouchy did the same.

"You know?" Clarke said thoughtfully to Gouchy, "We could both do without tea."

"Too right!"

"And if we go out in the open, in daylight, there's a good chance of that plane spotting us."

"Yeah."

"So, what if we stay here. While one of us sleeps the other can keep an eye on the old couple. Around about mid-day we can change."

"Yeah," Gouchy said, brightening up.

Not being able to bring himself as far as trusting Gouchy to stay awake first, he decided to stay up till mid-day. "You get your head down, mate. I'll give you a shake later."

Gouchy was only too happy to please. Clarke motioned the husband and wife onto the two chairs taking up the corner and settled down on the floor with his back to the wall.

Time passed slowly. Several times he felt himself tottering on the verge of sleep. Each time he woke with a start. Once he caught the old man crawling across the floor to a shotgun hanging on the wall.

Shaking his head he waved the man back. The old man glared at him with ice in his eyes. The old woman reached out to restrain her husband's anger. Clarke was thankful for help. He hadn't killed anyone yet and he didn't really want to start now.

He was about to shake Gouchy when a megaphone blared "ATTENTION IN THE HOUSE!" Scrambling to his feet, his heart hammering wildly, he rushed to the window. The place was surrounded by dogs. A couple of dogs were peeing at him.

"How the . . ." he started to himself, and got no further. It made no difference.

"Gouchy!" he shouted.

"WE KNOW YOU ARE IN THERE!" The muffled voice boomed.

Gouchy came stumbling to the

window. His eyes clouded when he saw the police. As the two robbers watched, a police chopper came in land in a cloud of dust.

"GOUCHY CLARKE!"

Clarke stiffened in astonishment.

"How do they know our names?"

"COME OUT!"

"How the hell do they know our names?" Gouchy hung his head in grief. "I had," he said quietly.

"What?"

"I had."

"What the hell d'ya mean?"

"GOUCHY CLARKE COME ON OUT!"

"When you asked if I'd done time."

"Aaaaaahh Nooo!" Clarke moaned. In a sudden fit of anger he rammed the muzzle up under the big man's chin. Then out of the corner of his eye he saw the old man moving again. He lowered the barrel and squeezed the trigger. The bullet smacked into the wood and the old man sprung back as if attached to a spring.

"I stand stay there," Clarke yelled.

"What for?" he asked, turning to Gouchy. Gouchy hesitated, before smiling. "Burglary?"

"Jeez!"

It had happened, his worst nightmare. They had pinned him down with noise and all. Even if he got away they would know him.

They'd had Gouchy on the line. The bank staff would have picked his ugly face out of the mug shots. The cops would then have traced Gouchy's last movements. That would have taken them to the factory and there they had learned about him, Clarke.

"You bastard," he swore violently. So, what was it? What had he done? Armed robbery. He'd looked after the fat man. That might help. It could be 10 years more.

He stood up. "Well . . ." he sighed with resignation.

"No!" Gouchy rushed out and yanked him down.

"Hey, look . . ." Clarke tried to explain. "We can't get away. So we have to take what comes and count our losses."

"No!"

"OK! So I know it'll go harder for you, your having done time already and all. But you don't have to drop me in for g."

"NO!" Gouchy was adamant, shaking his head wildly. "We can't go out."

"I can."

"DO YOU WANT TO KILL AGAIN?"

Clarke froze. A brown crease had shown. Again?

"YOU MIGHT GET OUT AFTER 20 YEARS BUT NOT IF YOU KILL A COP!"

"What's he talking about?" Clarke asked, dropping down beside Goochy again.

Goochy was shaking his head as if he was about to knock up. "She was going to press the alarm. She thought I was kidding when I said I'd shoot her!"

"Who?" Clarke asked hoarsely.

"The girl. At the apartment I had to shoot her."

Clarke sank to the floor. He was trembling all over. "Oh, no!" He stared blankly at the money bag. So that's what the shot really was. How did he manage it? To arrange such a perfect job with such a bloody amateur couple. First Roberts and now Goochy.

Goochy suddenly launched himself to his knees and fired a wild shot through the window. None was returned. Then he stood up. "I'm not going back I'm not!" He walked quickly across the floor to the table. He glanced at the terrified old couple as he stretched up the keys. "I'm not going back!" he told them. They cringed.

He walked quickly to the door. Holding the carbene at the ready he yanked the door open and rushed at it. There was a few seconds silence broken only with shoes tapping on boards. Then a car door opened. Suddenly the bush was filled with the sound of gunfire. The engine roared and died. And the gunfire died away.

Clarke went on staring at the money bag for a long time. Then he wearily lifted his head and smiled at the terrified couple. They shrunk back.

"It's okay," he said, standing up. First he threw out the bag, and then he gasped.

"All right, all right!" he called, as he walked through the door. Goochy was stretched out, covered in blood and torn apart. Plus were already spreading around him. Clarke stifled a retching sickness and looked up.

They all came running towards him. He was grabbed, handcuffed and dragged to the waiting chopper. As he was bundled into the person dome he caught a glimpse of the fat man. The fat man was talking to a sergeant. His voice was loud and cocked and it carried well. Clarke heard him saying, "They were going to kill me. Both of them. But they decided they didn't want to use the bullets. They thought I would starve instead. Lucky you saw the man flushing on the roof of my car. A real couple of bastards they . . ."

THE CHEESEBOX THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

Continued from page 25

had no ships and only 300 as naval officers to recruit and train looks at fighting enemies. They got on with it.

When Virginia seceded from the Union the Union Navy was forced to get out of the important Norfolk Dockyard. Before leaving, Union men set fire to a large frigate that was in dock and could not be removed. USS *Merrimack* was burnt to the decks and sank, but she was repairable and the South needed what it could get.

Southern engineers and sailors started work rebuilding the hull. But meanwhile, things didn't look good for the Confederacy.

By the autumn of 1861 Union squadrons were blockading every Southern port, although the blockade was never tight enough to stop all supply ships getting in or out.

The Confederacy began a plan designed to force the Union to pull some of its ships away. The idea was to buy fast merchant ships — and warships, if possible — from overseas and use them as ocean raiders. It was hoped the idea would cause the

Union to be forced to send warships to protect its trade — and weaken the blockade.

The idea of the fast ocean raider was not new, but the US Civil War was the first time that steamships had been used in the role, and the lessons were not lost on the Germans who used the idea with telling effect in World Wars I and II.

The naval war was two-pronged. Both at sea — along the coasts — the Union and Southern ships scraped at each other and harried when the odds were right and sometimes when they were not, raised the mighty US ocean became battlegrounds, with picturesque iron paddle steamers pressed into service as "naval" vessels.

Control of the Mississippi was vital for both sides. The river and its many tributaries were navigable for thousands of miles, and boats on the vast system could carry whole armies to both sides of a battle line.

Control of the big rivers was an integral part of the Anaconda Plan of General Scott, and southern leaders knew and expected it. They planned to be ready for a land invasion down the Mississippi as well as a naval attack up the river from the Gulf of Mexico.



"How you dress away from the office, Frankie, is none of my business, but . . ."



"Admit it, Harry . . . you're bored with me."

In control of the mouth of the river was Southern naval commander G. N. Hollins. He planned well with what he had.

Knowing he had too few ships to fight the North in a conventional battle he cast about for ideas to even the imbalance. His major ships were old and slow but he had available a small, tough little tugboat.

Confederate engineers converted the little ship into the first armored steamer in the world. Renamed CSS *Manassas*, this small ship became a man. She was fitted with an iron bark projecting ahead of her bow underwater. Her cabin and other superstructure above water was covered with a heavy layer of iron. To give her even more fighting power she was fitted with a short barreled 9 in gun facing forward.

Like all improvisations CSS *Manassas* had her problems. Her strong tug engines had been designed for tug use, not to drag around the armored turtle-like beast a barge, half awash and needing speed to attack. The engines were slow, and *Manassas* could not twist and turn quickly, but she was an unflinching craft and one which the Northern ships would not understand until perhaps too late.

The Union blockade of four ships was at anchor near the mouth of the river near the Head of the Passes, where the river divides into several channels to the sea. Late on October 11, 1861, CSS *Manassas* made her move. Slipping down the river in the dark she crashed into the Union flagship, USS *Richmond*. At the same time a number of fire rafts were cast adrift from upstream.

The Union flagship had to be raced around to save her from sinking, one other ship ran aground on the confusion and the other two ships headed for the sea. *Manassas*

was in strife too. Her armored bow was bent, and she had to jump back upstream for burned repairs.

CSS *Manassas* had won the first round of the sea fight for the river, and Southern engineers hurriedly prepared for other fights.

Southern rapids was only brief. Union gunboats were assembling up-river, *Manassas* was left to keep the front door closed while the rest of Hollins' squadron went up-river to fight at the back door.

River battles measured each way with gunboats and heavily-armored forts all playing their part, as the desperate Southerners strove to overcome technological superiority with sheer guts.

Bigger things were happening near the river's mouth. The South had expected that the North would be more cautious after the drubbing given by the *Manassas*, but they were wrong. New Union naval forces were sent into the area under a tough old veteran, Commodore David Farragut.

Farragut was 60 and had been in the navy for just on 30 years. He had fought in the war of 1812, and was now given the chance to top his career — or ruin it.

About 25 miles upriver and about 80 miles downstream from the new port of New Orleans were two tough Confederate forts. Fort Jackson was on the east bank and Fort St. Philip on the west. Situated in swampy land, the forts could not be attacked by land troops, and they had a combined battery of more than 100 heavy guns — if attackers could get past the deluged log boom downriver.

Above the forts was a small Southern flotilla led by the durable and doughy *Manassas*, with a dozen or so small tug gunboats.

Nearing completion but still not ready was a bigger, tougher *Manassas*,

the modified CSS *Louisiana*, with heavy guns and an armored shell — and heavy enough to bounce North era gunfire.

The monster was considered big enough to take on the whole Northern force, if she could be finished in time.

Knowing the *Louisiana* was ready, completion Farragut attacked quickly. He used small ships carrying mortars to lob heavy shells into the two forts, while his bigger craft tried to smash the bar.

Marshall's anger for his wooden warships was impressed by Farragut by hanging anchor chain over the sides.

Wounded *Louisiana*, without her engines, was brought down by the Southerners as Farragut sent a small ship to smash the boom. Farragut's 16 ships then poured through the gap as Southern defenders rapped into them with everything they had. The Confederate ships joined in.

The veteran fighter *Manassas* made run after run at the Union ships but her weak engines and the strong current placed her at a disadvantage against the faster if less armored attackers, and although she hit several ships she gave only glancing blows and every attack cost her great punishment. Finally *Manassas* burst into flames and drifting downriver, out of control, the gallant little improvisation blew up and sank.

Five falls pushed by tugs were the next card from the Southern pack. An unarmed tug bravely pushed the burning blockade towards the attackers. Farragut's flagship USS *Hartford* ran aground trying to get out of the way. The force continued on *Richmond* while the tug stuffed the fire raft against its wooden side.

But, at daybreak things looked bad for the South. More than a dozen of the Union ships had got through, although all were damaged. One Union ship was sunk and three others had to turn back. Nine of the Southern ships were sunk and two had retreated upriver. CSS *Louisiana* had played little part in the fight as she could not steam, and her crew blew her up to make sure she was not captured.

With New Orleans now in the South hands things were bad for the South and nowhere were so thin as the Chesapeake Bay, where the city of Richmond was cut off from the sea. The main Confederate army in Northern Virginia needed Richmond for supplies and industrial back-up.

Hampton Roads, at the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, was held by a

among Union forces and the South decided every effort must be made to open the gate.

When the Union forces abandoned the Norfolk Navy Yard in April, 1861 they scuttled the steam frigate USS Merrimack. But they didn't do a thorough job and her hull and engines were repairable. Confederate Navy Secretary Mallory ordered her raised, repaired and converted — instantly! She would be an ironclad ram — a bigger, much more formidable version of the Monitor which had done such good work earlier.

By March, 1862 the work was done. Renamed CSS Virginia the rebuilt ship was a thing to awe the enemy. The lofty rig of a steam frigate was gone. In its place heavy walls of oak stood at an angle above a deck which had been sheered almost to the waterline. The walls were covered with iron plating 100 mm thick. Narrow openings in this redoubt were cut to allow guns to fire. Ten heavy guns were sited to cover the whole area around the ship. A heavy iron ram was attached to the bow of the pre-ironclad-like floating horror.

But, like all improvisations, there were, once again, drawbacks. When

the Union sank the ship the engines were badly soaked and corrosion had occurred. The South has no capability of replacing weakened parts and could only repair and hope for the best. The new design too, was much heavier than the old ship had been, and with all the extra weight CSS Virginia was able to steam only about 5 knots, for a short while. To make her even more unwieldy she drew nearly 7 m of water and could not get into the shallows.

Virginia's commander was Commodore Franklin Buchanan, an experienced naval man who will know just what depended on the success of the Virginia. Although known as CSS Virginia, the ship seems to have gone down as naval history under her original name Merrimack, and so there is sometimes some confusion here.

Commanding the Union squadron, which included five big wooden warships, was Commodore Louis Goldsborough. In his command were the 36 gun frigates Minnesota and Roanoke — one-time sisters of Merrimack. His other ships were pure sailing ships — good enough in the open sea but at danger at those confined waters.

Two of Goldsborough's force were at anchor under Union batteries — the others were bottling up a Southern squadron further away.

Goldsborough knew of the threat from Virginia/Merrimack and had planned to handle her, but he made one mistake. He expected the new ship would be given a trial run and was not too concerned when told she was moving for the first time.

When Merrimack steamed into Hampton Roads for the first time she caught the Union ships unprepared. All Union ships had their sails furled and the steamships did not have steam raised — a technical error of the first degree.

Guns were called to move the Union ships as the crawling monster belched its way across the bay to them.

Buchanan headed his ship straight for Congress and Cumberland. At five knots he plodded past the Union fort, whose shells bounced off his ship for 15 minutes without harming her at all.

With a massive crash the Southern ship smashed into the wooden side of USS Cumberland, which began to sink immediately. She sank so fast that she tore off the armor

BONANZA ADULT SEX BOOK SELLOUT

Lessons in Lechery
The Wholesome Hooker
Arabian Rendes-vous
Temperatures Hot
Love in Sex & Pictures (Fully illustrated)
PLUS

4 more titles previously banned now
totally uncensored.

Shop price \$23.90
Special sell out price — all 9 books only
\$7.00 postage paid.

TROPIC MAIL ORDER CO.
BOX 4392, G.P.O. SYDNEY, 2001

Please send me the above nine books.

I am over 18.

I enclose \$7.00 In Cash ☐ Cheque ☐ P.O. ☐

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

AD001

two wheels magazine
keeps you
abridge latest developments, in
the trade, on the road and at
sporting events.

every month from newsagents

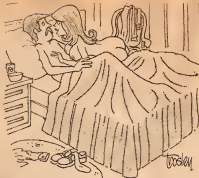
Lonely People?

Not anymore with Karina International
Friendship and Matrimony Service.

Send 50 cents in stamps and self-addressed
stamped envelope for Karina's Lonely
People's Magazine, which contains photos
and particulars.

State age and sex.

Karina I. F. & M. Service,
Post Office Box 153,
Boronia, Vic. 3155, Aust.



"What I really want is some meaningful dialogue . . . talk dirty to me."

man as she went, thus, as her dying throes, removing one of the major weapons of the Southern ship.

As Cumberland went down the USS Congress was slowly heaving towards shallower water with a tug straining every steam pipe. Buchanan swung his ponderous command and headed after the fleeing ship, his forward guns pounding at her and the tug. Congress grounded in shallow water — just a little further ashore than Merrimack could go but well within gun range.

At less than 300 m range the Southern ship pounded Congress to a pulp. Congress struck her colors and surrendered, no longer able to fire a gun, and not having put a scratch on the armored hide of her vanquisher.

A Confederate boarding party tried to take over the grounded ship with the idea of having Merrimack tow her away as a prize, but a hot fire from the shore injured many, including Buchanan, who led the party.

Buchanan was furious at having a ship that had surrendered to him be re-defeated but retreated to his floating fort. Red-hot shells were loaded into his guns and Congress was reduced to a pile of ashes.

Meanwhile the three remaining Union ships were getting away — but all three ran aground. Two were close under the main guns of a fort and could not be attacked without too much risk to the lone Southern ship. One was left away by herself. Minnesota was ready for the pluck-

ing, but Buchanan, with the tide running out quickly, was reluctant to risk his deep-drafted ship. He decided to wait for the morning's high tide.

He waited too long, straining and making the tide would have won the battle. As it was Buchanan won the fight and the day, but lost the battle.

In agony from his injury Buchanan turned command of his ship over to his second in command to bring her home, confident that on the morrow he would be able to win the day again.

The Confederates were in high spirits, they had sunk the hated Union's average blow when the tide had been turning, perhaps it was not too late to win the war?

With the blockade broken overseas trade could be resumed, Cotton could be exported, new munitions and supplies could be imported — the war might yet be won, but Merrimack left without clearing the field and in so doing, lost the war!

Merrimack was heavily although not fatally damaged, her funnels were gone, all exposed woodwork had been shot away but, except for a few dents, her armor was intact.

As the jubilant crew of Merrimack/Virginia worked their waterline ship up the James River a Union tugboat was laboriously plodding towards Fort Monroe, dragging what looked like a cotton reel on a small raft. The raft was so low that in open bay-type seas it looked as if the tug were towing an army pillbox on a dangle.

This strange-looking craft was Merrimack's Nemesis and, although no one could know it then, the end of the war for the South. The seaward-looking vessel, the direct ancestor of all modern warships, was the Monitor — an armoured warship of a new and radical type — and the answer to the South's up-to-now improvisation and ingenuity.

When the North first heard of the Merrimack's conversion they had no blockade, and the Merrimack had given them reason to wonder what would come next and how to combat it.

Whatever the answer went it had to be now! Whatever it was the ship must be able to fight the blockade, beat them and be built in almost no time at all, or the blockade would fail.

A Swedish-American inventor John Ericsson had the answer; a plan submitted some time earlier to the Naval Board seemed to show the way. With little ado, showing how fast efficiencies can react when it has to, Ericsson's gun raft was ordered into production.

The ship's keel was laid in October, 1861 and the ship was afloat in the following January. When completed the weird vessel had a freshwater above water of only 0.3 m in calm waters. The exposed part of the hull was 31.82 m long (not quite as long as a Mandy Dory) and was 12 m wide. The deck and internal superstructure were covered with heavy iron plate to glance shells off. The keel was only 3 m below the waterline which meant the ship could work in shallow waters. Sitting on the constrains of the hull and about two-thirds of the way forward, was a simple gun turret, 3 m high and 6 m in diameter. Inside the structure were two guns on a gun carriage that could be revolved — it was the first revolving gun turret. A steam engine below the turret turned the two 11 m guns.

Apart from the turret only one other object atop the deck stood clear to attract attention. This was a small, heavily armored structure for the commander and the helmsman to see from. A small slit was all they were allowed and from here this new weapon of war — also in the 1860s to the ballistic mark of the 1960s — was fought.

As the sun arose over Hampton Roads on March 9, 1862 Merrimack/Virginia steamed forth to do battle once more. Her injured men had been replaced and Lt Jones was now in command, the two guns that had been damaged had been repaired during the night as Southern engineers worked furiously.

IF YOU EVER WANTED TO WIN AT THE TRACK NOW YOU CAN

By C. J. Slater

For some time I've been looking for someone who knows what it's all about and is confidently beating the races.

All I found was the 'know-nothing' eager to sell their knowledge, and those truly knowing who wouldn't part with it.

For example, some time ago I sent \$20 to a mail order house that offered a sure fire way to win at the track. For twenty bucks, all I got was a piece of paper that gave those short stories by L.G. of Syd., who says "Thanks a million for your system, I'm now rich" and J.D. of Melb. who says "Your racing system has made me a fortune." By the time I got through reading all those testimonials, I was counting my millions, and what do you think it was? Boiled down to simple language, it said back the favourite in each race to place. For \$20 I got something that insulted my common sense.

I had just about given up my search for a way of beating the horses, when I met Mr. French, and I'm going to tell you some interesting things about him that may change your life.

But I have a problem. How do I convince you he has discovered the greatest hand-dropping method ever devised to enable you to be a consistent winner? I realise these are strong words, but the evidence indicates that Keith is Australia's greatest hand-dropper, bar none!

I was utterly staggered to see mounds of proof that he had beaten the races.

I invested \$500 of my own money to bet on the horses. In one month, it sky-rocketed to over \$1,700.

I'd found the man I was looking for. Keith is a graduate of the college of "hard knocks" who has devoted years to serious research on horse racing.

He has devised a method that consistently allows the punter to show a profit from horse racing. The method is called the MASTER PLAN.

You all know that for years people have been searching for the perfect system. Many claim to have found it, but you know and I know that it has never happened. I'm not trying to tell you the Master Plan is perfect. What I am going to tell you is that with the Master Plan you will show a consistent and substantial profit from horse racing, and what's more, I am prepared to back up my claims with a gilt-edged double guarantee.

GUARANTEE No. 1

Review the system first. If for any reason at all you don't like it, or believe it won't live up to the claims made, then mail it back within seven days and I will refund your money in full, no questions asked.

GUARANTEE No. 2

You must win at least \$1000 the first year of using the Master Plan, or it won't cost you a cent. Mail it back with your record sheets, and I will refund your money in full.

The MASTER PLAN can be operated by anyone. It's the same method Keith French himself uses. Apply the rules, do your quick calculations and there it is, your selection. A horse you can back with complete confidence, but that's not all.

Keith introduces a brand new concept in money management. So powerful, it can turn losses into profit. Sounds incredible? It is! By combining this miraculous technique with the selection

method. You will be so cool into having a winning day, day after day.

No guesswork, no judgment, decisions, no excuses any more. Just pure, exact answers and you will finally have made it. Think about it, you will be making money playing the horses. Did you ever think you would? To those of you who think that one making money playing the horses would never part with his knowledge, I say to you that Keith French is the one living exception. He's got the races beaten, yet is willing to share his findings. Why?

First: He will enjoy profits from royalties without lifting a finger. Second: Your success will not interfere with his.

Third: Perhaps after enough Master Plans are sold, Keith French will gain the recognition he so richly deserves.

In closing, I would just like to say that if you are looking for a guaranteed consistent way of making money from horse racing, then the Master Plan is for you. It doesn't matter how many systems you have bought in the past, the Master Plan has to be better in every way, or it won't cost you a cent. But don't take my word for it, prove it worth yourself when you complete and mail the coupon below. Try it. If I'm wrong you've lost a few minutes of your time and an 18c stamp, but what if I'm right?

SWORN STATEMENT

I CERTIFY THAT EVERY STATEMENT MADE IN THIS AD BY C. J. SLATER IS 100% TRUE.

KEITH FRENCH

MR. C. J. SLATER, DIRECTOR, SUITE 2-307, BOTANIC CHAMBERS, NTH. TC., ADELAIDE, 5000.

Dear C.J.,

Please send me Keith French's Master Plan for which I enclose \$35, as full and final payment on conditional double guarantee.

NAME

ADDRESS

P.C.

The Confederates were confident; they did not know of the arrival of the Monitor, nor of the frantic preparations carried on through the night as the "Chesapeake" on a shingle" readied for the morning.

At 7 am on March 9, 1862, Merrimack headed across the Bay, her steadiest no doubt wondering what strange vessel he was facing, but not worried too much by a ship with so little obvious offensive power. Merrimack's smaller abundant gunboats stood away as Lt. Worden brought Monitor over towards Merrimack. Worden held his fire to give the greatest effect, and it was Jones in Merrimack who fired first. As Merrimack's five gun broadside blast of around him Worden coolly stopped Monitor's engines, allowed his gun crew to sight, and ordered fire. Two 11-in. guns blasted smoke and flame and two great iron cannonballs hurtled through the air to smash against the armored side of the Monitor — and bounced.

Worden repeated the dose away seven minutes — the time it took his crack gun crew to load the carbomines, muzzle-loading guns and aim them out through the ports ready to fire again.

The action was not one-sided. Merrimack could fire a full broadside

every 15 minutes — up to seven guns at a time and she was hitting the Chesapeake. Merrimack still had no funnel and the loss of natural draft to her funnels slowed her to the extent that she was able to move only very slowly and not manoeuvre at all. Additionally, Merrimack had little ammunition left after the battle of the day before — she had used most of it sinking the two Union ships — but Monitor's magazines were fully stocked and her crew were relatively fresh.

Scrambled Jones decided that hammering at the Monitor was counter-productive. He headed once more for the grounded Minnesota, knowing his fire could hammer that one and sink her.

On the way, harassed but not hurt by the Monitor, Merrimack ran aground, and as she listed off so too did the Minnesota, whose frantic crew had been sparing no effort to get her off.

Jones turned back to his more visible antagonist, Monitor, which had been chasing him in the mistaken belief the Confederates were running away.

Jones tried to ram Worden but with little steam and with his ram missing he struck only a glancing blow and Monitor survived. To his

dying day Jones believed he would have sunk the Union ship if he had still had his ram, so Cumberland was not sunk in vain.

Jones concentrated his fire on Monitor's all-mowed protruding tower. Shot after shot smashed against the small section and splinters were burst through the side, heaving around the armored made and injuring Worden in the eye.

With Monitor obviously out of control, at least for the moment (Worden thought his head-wound was fatal and told his helmsman what he must do if he died) and with his men and his ammunition almost exhausted, Jones turned for home.

The first battle between armored ships was over. Neither had been seriously harmed although Monitor would probably have lost if Merrimack's ram and funnel had been intact at the beginning of the fray.

When Merrimack was overhauled it was found she had 99 heavy dunn in her armour, 20 more than she had after her previous day's action.

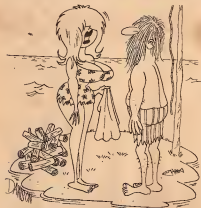
Who won the fight has never been agreed. The South feels that Monitor was beaten when she moved into shallow water to get clear of Merrimack after Worden was injured, the North claims that Virginia's Merrimack suffered the most damage (not considering it had mostly occurred the day before).

If neither ship won the fight Monitor certainly won the battle. Merrimack did not lift the strangling blockade and her crew soon had to burn her to stop the incoming Union Army from taking her.

With Hampton Roads the property of the Union the South was done. The war dragged on and many more actions were fought, both in American waters and further afield, but weight of numbers and technology, as appreciated by USS Monitor, was to win the civil war.

Monitor was not to last long after her great fight. While being towed north once more she sank in heavy weather off Cape Hatteras, but she was soon replaced by almost a flood of improved versions — many of which were seaworthy enough to make limited coastal passages.

The Australian State of Victoria soon ordered an improved version, HMS Cerberus, and that ship, delivered in 1870, was for some years the world's most powerful warship. The bulk of Cerberus, direct descendant of USS Monitor and dating from just one year later, still exists. The bulk is aground at Black Rock on Port Phillip Bay and the massive guns, of a type not unlike those on Monitor, are still aboard.



"Let's see if I have this straight . . . if we sight a ship, I run up this distress flag, light the pole of driftwood and take off my dress so we can get in one more before we're rescued!"

THE ROARING KILLING

Continued from page 42

the hands of bedding sheep and lighted the cook fire through the dripping dusk, his face was set and expressionless again.

By nine o'clock next morning rain-slicker thunder was rolling over Little Hermans Peak again and the sheep were approaching Echo Canyon. Lanyard drew rein as the canyon mouth while eight of his hired gunmen rode briskly on toward the tully fence, two miles farther.

Half a mile down the mountainside the first sheep were crawling into sight.

Scarles and two tully men were waiting there. The eight hired sheep guards sat their horses in an uncertain, restless group.

Between Lanyard's eight riders and the tully fence, across the narrow canyon, was an advanced barrier of armed riders. Lanyard counted them rapidly as he rode up Sawtooth. All were armed.

Back: Loving, solid and grim, was barn. So was scowling Nuccio Kennedy with one arm in a sling —

and old Shadwell Jones and his son Dan. There were other neighbors — Peter Starling, Boston Seemee, usually as droll as his sons but now hard and watchful. And others, all waiting in grim silence.

Dewson jerked his head quickly. "Did you want us to tackle all of them, Lanyard?"

Lanyard rode between the groups without reply, and politely addressed the waiting line.

"Maybe it isn't known that I'm bringing Harley sheep through here this morning."

Nuccio Kennedy started to speak violently, but old Shadwell Jones beat him to it.

"We heard something like that, Tom. Too bad we got here first to study the scenery. Pretty, isn't it?" Shadwell cocked one eye aside at the gathering details.

The tense quiet had a living quality, gathering, tightening.

Lanyard nodded gravely. "I admire the beauty in your soul, Shadwell. And I know where you can see a heap more scenery very easily."

"Wouldn't think of troublemaker you. We like it here," Shadwell refused. His head crept nearer his holstered

gun. Lanyard raised his voice. "Scarles, it's your duty to admit my sheep past that fence!"

"I'm waiting here to tally 'em in," the government man replied indifferently. "My authority stops at this fence line."

Thunder rolled again in the distance. Nuccio Kennedy challenged softly. "Try an' get 'em to the fence!"

"Never mind. Keep watchin' the scenery, Nuccio," Shadwell Jones reproved.

The morning of the advancing sheep was louder. A galloping horse drummed through the sound. Lanyard looked. His throat contracted as he saw Kay Harley approaching.

Her face was anxious and troubled as she stopped her scowl mere abreast of him. "You're having trouble, Tom?"

"Not much. You need riding out of the canyon and waiting for me, Kay."

Wide-eyed and uncertain, Kay looked about. She read the signs.

"They're not going to turn out sheep back to — to die, Tom?"

Lanyard asked reassuringly. "Didn't I tell you I'd get 'em to graze? As soon as this little argument



LONELY HEARTS MAGAZINE

— why be single and lonely? For \$1 shipped you receive the magazine with hundreds of photos and descriptions, plus two hand-picked professional photographers and a personal photo of a suitable girl all to yourself — dollar refunded after return of photo. Easy and inexpensive way to meet the right partner. Write to:

MODERN WORLD

Box 4334-B, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., 2001
(Write in your zip)

Discover SCANDINAVIA

Through a free
Scandinavian
friends association!

You will find:
- marriages
- penfriends
- or to share
your holidays

Write for information
and 100 photos. Free
by airmail!

BCI Box 23124 -
104 25 Stockholm, Sweden



ADULT FILMS & MAGAZINES

Obtained from world-wide sources. Wholesale prices available and "big savings" on large orders.

Sample Prices:	Magazines	B/W Films	Colour Films	Books
	Aus. \$6.00	Aus. \$20.00	Aus. \$40.00	Aus. \$8.00

Lists/Catalogues sent for: Aus. \$2.00.

Write to: **PRESTIGE PROMOTIONS, 15 Clifton Gardens,
London N,15 England**

...and they fly the through."

Meanwhile, the multitude Key missed was here. Lanyard looked over his shoulder, meant my own coming, meant that Cliff Davis is dead."

Key nodded with a strained smile at the men. "I rode on ahead of them. It's OK with 16 men to help you. Just 16, suggested bringing them up now instead of later with his own sheep. He had an idea." Key said with a defiant look at the grim line of armed men. "That they might be needed."

Lanyard's voice sounded queer, choked. "Later - with his sheep? What do you mean?"

"Mean? Term, you around again? You - you look queer. Here's Cliff. He'll tell you."

Davis took in the situation as he rode up. "We seem to have gotten here just in time, eh, Lanyard?"

"Key said something about your sheep." Lanyard had never realized how much he doubted that white-tailed rule.

"That's right. After you and horses and a permit, I managed to get you, too. I'm bringing part of my sheep over the river. We'll work another on this."

Lanyard turned toward the government. "Seattle, you didn't see the Davis got a permit, too."

"I thought you knew it," Seaside bit back. "A dozen others are fighting for permits, too. Hanley broke the ice. After you got a permit, they meant to follow."

"Did they now?" Lanyard heard himself saying in a choked voice. "Here's my permit, Seaside?" He tore the permit, and dropped the pieces. Then he called, "Dawson! Take your men and turn back!"

Key cried, "Tom! Are you crazy?"

"Just getting sane, Key?"

Cliff Davis flung angrily. "So you lost your nerve, eh? Well, I haven't! Let those sheep come on! I'll see them through!"

Lanyard drew his air-shooter. "Dawson, you heard me?"

"Tom?" Key cried fiercely. "If you're afraid, let Cliff handle this!"

"Keep out of this, Key! Dawson, damn you, move!"

Dawson hunched uncomfortably. "You heard us Lanyard. Your money talks. I guess your orders go. Come on, boys."

They galloped off.

Cliff Davis opened his mouth, then closed it silently. He looked at Key, pale, dazed, biting his lips. Key's coral mare danced nervously as he lifted the reins.

In a shaking voice, Key said, "Come on, Cliff. Let's get away from these - cowards."

The frightened sheep were edging up the canyon sides, crowding back before the riders and barking dogs. Slowly the tide began to ebb down the canyon, Cliff Davis, the men and Key following.

Behind Lanyard, Shadwell Jones spoke gently. "I've got a place on my mind - for a cowman. Any more?"

Lanyard rode off without looking back. He rode down the canyon after the ebbing tide of sheep which the year would not roll down on the San Pedro grass. Inside he felt dead. Thunder pealed overhead, and in mocking promise held no marring.

"It's over," he thought. "See - hurry him now."

Then from his slow walking horse he saw Key waiting at the canyon mouth, alone. A hunt hope stirred within him and died as he rode on and saw his stony face. Shopping beside the coral mare, Lanyard said all he could say. It was only, "I'm sorry, Key."

DETECT NUGGETS or COINS

See the Greatest Gold Probe Super Detector

Diagram from Basic set

CONMASTER 5

G.F.S. Rated Detector with Black Coil (Long, Automatic) detects both small and large signals

constructed by
WHITES ELECTRONICS
AUSTRALIA



Designed to detect coins, jewellery, mineral gold, silver nuggets and treasure

W.A. GOLD 2110001

A prospectors catalogue using the Goldmaster 5 "Minercon" model found a record 14 oz gold nugget on 1st August, W.A., April 1968.



THUNDERBOLT MINING

Nearly 40 models from about \$100 up, including Seabed Diving and Underwater salvage models

Write now for FREE catalogue

HENDON DETECTOR COMPANY

Box 185A, Avalon Beach, N.S.W. 2107

Phone (STD 92) 918-6667

EUROPEAN BOOKS, SLIDES, PHOTOS, SUPER 8 MOVIES

Please forward \$2 for further information for adults only, and interesting catalogue magazine to:

BEDMATE PRODUCTS

P.O. BOX 524, GOSFORD. 2250

"HI THERE"

LADIES & GENTLEMEN

How would you like to join us and meet THE PARTNER of your life? We have many ladies and gentlemen waiting for someone like YOU. The many letters we receive from satisfied members prove that we operate our MEMBERSHIP MARRIAGE Organisation very successfully.

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

Only one letter can change your whole life.

Write for confidential free ILLUSTRATED INFORMATION to:

ANITAS

P.O. Box 20

Geelong, Vic. 3204, Australia.

Please enclose \$2 and stamp





"I'd like them insured. They contain a small fortune in silicons."

Kay smiled scornfully. "So you're sorry, Tom? Sorry your promises were lies? You're sorry you've wiped us out?" Kay's voice shook. "Well, I'm sorry, too! Sorry I ever listened! Sorry we ever knew you."

"Kay - please!"

"But I'm glad, too!" Kay said coldly. "Glad there'll be no more lies, no more promises to be broken, no more of you around - ever! If I were a man, I'd shoot you, you miserable coward!"

"Wait!" Lanyard called roughly as her mare danced around to leave.

Kay said coldly, "Wait!"

"I was hated when Rack went word he needed me," Lanyard said. "The helplessness was the only thing that could have made me run sheep. Rack and dad were always close. Rack helped us out in a couple of tight spots. So I took his sheep, as I did the best I could without pay."

"If you want back wages now -"

"Shut up!" Lanyard said furiously. "Look at the sheep country below us. It's grazed out! The sheep were forced into the high pasture before the snow was off. That's gone now, because the rains held off. It's just as dry on the other side, but there's grass. That's why the San Pedro shepherds never let a sheep get on their side of these mountains!"

"I've heard that story all my life!" Kay flung back bitterly.

"You heard it because the sheep range was going and the cow range wasn't! That government grass on the other side is what carries the valley cattle through the summer grazing. They count on it."

"Sheep have as much right to it! A few sheep won't hurt it!"

"A few sheep. That's what I tried to tell myself. Rack's sheep - just this one summer. But I know it was a lie, so I went ahead anyway. I

turned against everything I was raised to believe, because you Ranjers needed me. I turned against my friends - got myself despised, threatened, shot at. I was all set to start a range war, to see my friends killed. All because of your damned sheep!"

"They had no right to stop us!"

Kay said angrily.

"No right!" Lanyard shouted. "Hell, they had all the right! Everything they were afraid of happened! Every sheepman on this side of the mountains jumped for my coat tails and flocked to ride through to the San Pedro grass on what I was doing. I sold out my friends and my convictions, and that was bad enough. But you and Rack and Cliff Davis told me out! You took what I was doing for Rack and gave it to every greedy sheepman on this range! And then you called me coward when I stood against it!"

"I was fool enough to think I was in love with you!" Lanyard continued passionately. "But not now! Marry your fancy sheepman and see eye to eye with him the rest of your life! If you get rain, your sheep'll pull through. If you try to bring 'em

over on the other side, God help you! Goodbye!"

A louder peal of thunder drowned the last word as Lanyard yanked his horse around and galloped back into the canyon.

Thunder was rolling again when Kay's scared mare caught up with him and crowded him to a stop. Kay was silently crying.

"Tom! How could you ever think I'd marry Cliff Davis? You're brave, you're fine! How could I know how it all looked to you? I - I've never in my life been a coward!"

Lanyard swept her over to his saddle and held her close.

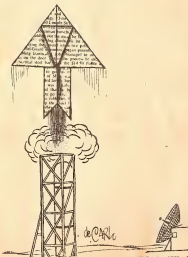
It was some moments before Kay could speak again - this time against his old leather seat. "Tom, dear, are you crying, too?"

Lanyard held his hand into the first wild blast of wind off the peaks, and merely chuckled.

"That was a rundrop. The rain's coming. We'd better get to cover."

Kay sighed without interest. "Just as you say - Cowman!"

Lanyard kissed her. "Say it again," he begged. "'Cowman' I like at that way." - END





HERB OF PARADISE







THE SQUAD

Continued from page 48

Wilson had that effect on me. Somehow, he'd prepared me for the dirty little action we knew was ahead of us.

I'd got used to the killing. At first it bothered me, that total glossing for money in the eyes of the beaten. Sometimes they'd even put it into words, desperately begging even while knowing it was futile. There could be no pity, no chance of a reprieve. We didn't fight that way. A person's enemy was still an enemy and the day could come when it was we who were caught.

I even took a pride in my skill. How many had I killed? Forty? Fifty? It may have been more for most times we couldn't hang about to count their dead. A few came when I realised with an odd pride I was becoming like Wilson, as spare, as trucker and as masterfully capable. The thought made me glow for then I knew I'd truly grown up.

No longer was this a personal affair. It was nothing more than a job.

The day I joined the squad,

Wilson had taught me to one side.

"You," he'd said, "only time will tell whether you're going to make it with us. Civil was a like no other sort of fighting. You'll kill your own countrymen. That's what makes it different. When I was in Vietnam, shooting the VC was routine. It didn't seem to matter. Now, the enemy is a man - or a woman - who looks like you, who even speaks the same language. They're your own people but because of the way things have turned out, they're our enemies. You've got to be a lot more dedicated and committed for this sort of job. Think you can do it?"

"I can only try," I replied. "I don't fit a what they stand for."

He'd looked at me closely.

"Hitting's a big help," he'd told me softly. "You'll find it makes things less kinky."

Quietly, Wilson called the others and he gave us our instructions. Stay spread out, move in short bursts. Keep changing directions. Make us change target.

"If I'm wrong," he said, "and there's no one over there but our lot, then it'll be all over in a couple of minutes. But if my nose is right, things could get hot. So keep your

horns down. And good luck."

We scattered widely and on to the open ground. It's an eerie feeling wondering up whether someone has you in his sights, finger on trigger, just waiting until you put that little bit closer so he knows he can't miss. And where would he be aiming? Your head? Chest? Belly?

The four of us moved across the open ground, up and down, 30 or 40 metres, then to earth, watching another darted forward, ready to give supporting fire, then up again, warning and dropping.

We went halfway across when it happened and I heard them open fire. You hear two sounds. The first is the bullet cracking the air, the second the explosion, a delayed by distance.

If you're still around after the first one, then they've missed you.

Their firing was enthusiastic but their aim was ragged. An ran, I saw a small depression before me and I dove. It was only half a metre deep but it gave me plenty of cover. They'd no chance of hitting me while I stayed there. Thompson was moving forward again, the dirt spurring about and behind him as the

HOW TO CLEAN AWAY

ACNE

Send for FREE Brochure all about ACNE-BAN, latest scientific treatment for all victims of ACNE, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES. ACNE-BAN is a safe, sure home treatment, that gives unbelievable results within two weeks. Overseas enquiries welcome. Write YOUR name and address in BLOCK LETTERS. All Mail to G.P.O. Box:

To: SELECTED PRODUCTS,
Dept. A-19, Box 5189, G.P.O.
Sydney, N.S.W., 2001, Australia.

24 Levee Street, Mosman, 2088

FOR SAFE FAMILY PLANNING

Randell's Pillaries are a known method of Birth Control and are available without any restrictions from your family chemist.

For more details write to us for our FREE booklet "Sex Without Fear".

WARD & WARD

(AUST.) P/L

Box 8, P.O., Dandenong, 3175

Please send me, under no obligation, a copy of your booklet.

NAME

ADDRESS

FREE MUSCLE BUILDING INFORMATION



The BODY-POWER System is the current course in the world. No weightlifting, no gadgets, only a few simple exercises, not only direct to your muscles but also the job. Quick results. Usually after a month, your friends will notice your improvement. It will make a favorable impression on your boss. Write for details, facts and complete info.

BODY POWER,

Box 5052-A, G.P.O., Sydney, 2001

WHY ARE YOU STILL LONELY?

With our help...

YOU WILL FIND friendship and happiness, as give yourself a chance and ask for our FREE ILLUSTRATED INFORMATION

TREVER
for Marriages, Introductions
and Penfriends

P.O. Box 108, Clayton, Victoria, 3168
(Phone makes life easy)



bullets landed but he seemed safe enough when finally he went to ground. We were a long way out of grenade range so when they had a mortar, which was unlikely, we'd made mistakes. True, they had no grenades but there wasn't much they could do to get at us.

I heard Wilson let off a few shots and I was about to give him a hand, when he stopped. I know why. He'd decided it too noisy for our relief party and he wasn't going to risk hitting one of them.

The change came quickly.

I heard the fire coming from the flanks and I knew the rest of the squad had located them and were hitting. From the sounds, the battle was desperate and I knew men were dying in those trees. This was our chance. I was on my feet, sprinting, knowing they'd be too busy to worry about me. Wilson was a bit ahead. Brown and Thompson had got the message and they were moving in, too, efficiently.

One of the enemy panicked and tore out of the shelter of the scrub, running straight at me. Almost too easy. My flashlight was marking his chest when I squeezed the trigger and he stopped as if he'd run into a strand of invisible wire, arms flung out. Then he collapsed, inert.

It was over in two minutes. The firing stopped and we were in the cross. The balance of the squad which Wilson had deceived had done a good job coming in from the flanks and behind, and we had killed six of the enemy. The seventh was alive with a jagged wound in the shoulder. He glared at us helpfully.

We shoved him forward so he stood before Wilson who was sitting on the ground, leaning against the trunk of a tree. He was quietly peering at his running.

It was then I saw he'd been hit and he was bleeding from a chest wound. This was serious. The blood was staining his shirt, spreading outward and downward ominously. He coughed, and I could have sworn when I saw the bright red dribble from the corner of his mouth.

In that instant, I knew Wilson was dying. It didn't seem possible but I knew it was true. I darted forward to where he slumped, intending to open his shirt to examine the wound, but weakly he pushed me aside.

"Not now, Joe," he said. "Let's see what he's going to tell us," and he nodded towards our captive.

The two men stared at each other and I sensed an electric antipathy beyond normal enmity. There was a bitterness as corrosive as acid and I realised they knew each other.



"4 baseball glove, a basketball, a movie projector, and a print of Deep Throat."

Wilson pointed to the three bodies dangling from the trees.

"You lot do that!" he whispered.

The captive nodded, a perverse pleasure in the admission.

"Did they talk before they died?"

Wilson asked.

The other laughed. "You'd like to know, wouldn't you? And you'd like to find out if we got the message back, too. Well, you're going to do wondering," and he, too, stared at the now phantasmal bloodstain on Wilson's shirt.

Wilson sighed. Now his breath was coming in short, labored gasps.

"Joe!" he called to me. I bent down to listen. "It's no use. He won't talk. Hang him. Now."

I wasn't going to argue. One of the squad handed me a length of rope and I formed a slip-knot, putting the noose about the captive's neck. I threw the other end over a branch. Three of the squad grasped it, drawing it taut. The captive ignored me. He and Wilson stared at each other, their faces locked. They were made each other's minds.

I worried that between the two men there was a sadness. Both were about to die but the rope was gone and all that was left was regret.

Quickly, the captive crossed himself.

Wilson nodded, and the three on the rope pulled. In that instant before his feet left the ground the captive screamed out one word, "Paw!" and then he hung there, twisting, squirming and purpling as he slowly strangled. It took him maybe six minutes to die.

We lowered his body and cut

down the other three. The graves were dug in the deep soft earth and we buried the dead, the enemy as well as our own. Wilson watched, then beckoned me over to him.

"You've dug only 10 graves, Joe," he whispered. It was hard for him to talk. "You'll need one more."

"Well, Boss?" I said. "You're coming with us. We'll get you freed."

He shook his head.

"Both of us know the rules, Joe. Get the squad around me. I want to talk to them."

I called them over and they squatted, quiet and somber. He didn't waste time.

"I'm dying," he said, "but the squad walked on. I want you to have a good leader and I want Joe to take my place. Any objections?"

Now they were staring at me and I've never felt kinder. Then came the grunts of consent and I knew that was that. Wilson seemed satisfied.

"OK," he said. "Back off. Leave me with Joe."

They retreated to get down the loose earth of the graves, pretending to ignore us.

"They'll follow you, Joe," he told me. "Lead them well." He paused. "Funny, it's getting dark. I can't see. Well, let's finish it. One me the capsule. I don't seem to be able to move my arms."

I got it out of his pocket and as he opened his mouth, I slid it in. He didn't hesitate, biting on it immediately. I knew he wanted it all over.

I led the squad out of the timber

and we made fast time along the shelter of the river banks. We had to get back to the main body. The Southern may have talked before they were hanged. We couldn't take chances. Too much was at risk.

After an hour of sweating progress we rested. I found Brown was sitting next to me.

"It won't be the same without That Skinny Bastard," I said. "We'll miss him."

"You'll do fine, Joe," Brown assured me. "The squad's got confidence in you."

"Thanks," I replied. There was a pause, then I said, "Funny thing about that bloke we hanged. I got

the feeling he and Wilson knew each other."

Brown looked at me strangely and I sensed I'd made a gaffe. He picked up a twig and scratched meaninglessly on the ground in the dirt.

"Of course," he said, almost as if he was thinking aloud, "you wouldn't know, would you? How could you? You haven't been in the squad long enough. You're right." He sighed. "I knew them both and they knew each other."

He threw the twig aside and I knew he was years away. At last he broke the silence.

"Didn't you hear what he called out when we hanged him?" he asked.

I thought back. It had puzzled me.

"It was just one word," I said. "Pan."

Brown shook his head.

"No, it wasn't. You didn't hear it properly. What he said was 'Chin!'"

Slowly, it dawned and he nodded confirmation of my unshared question. I felt sick. I had to do something, anything, to break the horror. Heavily, I gave the order.

"Ok, men. On your feet. Let's get moving."

Slowly, timidly, the squad rose and we trudged off downriver, taking advantage of the covering trees.

THE EQUALISER

Continued from page 21

giant probe used in unloading the coal pulverised into dust what was left of Blinckfield's badly decomposed remains.

The minute particles of what was once Big Bussy Blinckfield, finally went up in a cloud of black smoke from one of the hundreds of chimney stacks in the steel works of Yawata.

When Benny saw the second weapon empty its load into the ship, he knew the body of Blinckfield was cremated, and that the ship would be at sea within 24 hours. He raced

back to the scene of the shooting, and spread a layer of coal dust and small coils over the bloodied ground. He picked up all the empty cartridge cases, and took them with the Smith and Wesson far into the middle of the mangrove swamps of Bexham. He pushed them down into the mud, knowing that once he left the spot, they could never be found again. Now all he had to do was act normally, and go about his business as usual. People would think what they liked about the disappearance of Blinckfield.

Benny continued to run his game, and he had no more offers of protection. The mobsters had got the message, and left him strictly alone.

There was some speculation and talk, but no one could be sure of anything, and the disappearance of Blinckfield was soon forgotten.

About one year later, they pulled Benny out of a wrecked automobile in the suburb of Stockton. The police and ambulance were on the spot within minutes. Benny was more dead than alive, and was given a blood transfusion on the spot. Being a Roman Catholic, he was great fun to be in a state of mortal sin. Benny realised that his chances of survival were practically nil. With his face gray and contorted with pain, he gasped in short phrases.

"Quickly, Sergeant - I want a priest! - I can't die like this," a trickle of blood ran from the corner of his mouth. "I have something terrible on my conscience - Blinckfield! - I had to do it - please hurry." Then he passed out.

He was six months in Newcastle General Hospital. On the day of his admission the priest had come, and Benny had confessed everything. When the priest had gone Benny then told the police that he had shot Blinckfield one year previously, in the Carrington railway yards. No one expected him to last the night, but the "big boss in the sky" decreed things otherwise, and Benny pulled through.

He stood trial for the manslaughter of Blinckfield, was convicted, and sentenced to 12 years' imprisonment. During the trial the police prosecutor had asked - "Mr Lawson, can you explain to the jury how the body disappeared and where it could have been eventually disposed of?"

Benny's answer left a lot for conjecture. "I am honestly not sure, your Honor, it just seemed to have disappeared into dust and smoke."

The smile on his face was baffling.



"Understand he's a big ripper?"

Downloaded from <http://www.jstor.org/> on Tue, 20 Jun 2016 12:00:00 UTC

Second Seals and Triton Alliance Ltd. fail to solve the mystery of Oak Island, it would not mean the end of "The Great Hunt." Despite the exhaustive labor, the frigid nights, the biting insects, the possibility of a flood or even—in the ever-present threat of gold-wanted, gun-toting claim jumpers, men will continue to seek out Oak Island's buried treasure hoard. Whether or not the treasure hoard exists is unknown. Men will continue to go to Oak Island—because, like Mount Everest, it is there.



"Wah, don't they paint biology books with a centre spread?"

(Continued from page 30)

In the whole panorama of bloody, real-life incidents, there seems only

There is one curious point about all this. Call him what you will, Abominable Snowman, Yeti, or Sasquatch — this powerful and frightening creature has never harmed a human being. Perhaps that is because he is thought to be sub-human — and only man himself can become as fiendish as a Dinosaur, a Wolfman, or a Hitler.

LAST LAUGHS



Barry, the supposed Romeo, had been caught in the girls' dorm after supper. The next morning he was summoned to the dean's office for disciplinary action. "Young man," the dean scolded, "I'm fining you ten dollars for your misconduct. And if this happens again, the fine will be twenty dollars. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," Barry replied, "but I have just one question."

"What is it?" the dean asked.

"How much would a season ticket cost?"

It was the day of the championship football game. Several thousand fans were fighting and pushing to get into the stadium, when all of a sudden, a funeral procession went by. One solitary man stepped out of the crowd, took off his hat, and stood in silence.

Seeing this performance, a stadium guard walked up to the man and said, "I'd like to shake your hand, sir. That was a very decent thing to do."

"Oh, I left I had to," replied the man. "You see, she was a good wife to me for almost 28 years."

"Look here, who said you could -- be me to bed?" a girl indignantly asked her neighbor who was being seduced by her blonde.

"Well," the guy answered, "if you must know, just about everybody."

A street cleaner met his 80-year-old friend on the street one day and asked

him what he'd been doing lately. The friend said he had just spent eight months in jail, after being convicted of rape.

"Rape?" shouted the first man. "At your age? That's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of."

"I know," replied the other, "but I was so flattered I pleaded guilty."

A man went to his doctor and said he and his wife loved each other dearly, but their love life wasn't what it used to be. "That's because you're fat and out of shape," the doctor told him.

"What'll I do?" the man asked. The doctor replied, "I want you to jog three miles and walk five miles every day for 10 days. That'll get you in shape."

Ten days later the doctor's phone rang and the patient was on the other end. "Did you do what I told you?" the doctor asked. The man said he did and added, "I feel great! It's fantastic!"

The doctor was pleased, "And how is your love life now?" he asked.

"Love it!" the man replied. "I'm 80 miles from home."

A lovely young blonde telephoned her mother on the morning after the wedding night and complained bitterly

about her husband's behavior. "We were making love and someone knocked on the door," explained the unhappy bride, "and he had the nerve to get up and answer it!"

"You mean he just left you lying there?" the mother gasped.

"I wish he had," the girl sobbed, "but he took me with him!"

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the defense attorney beginning to warm up to his summation, "The real question here before you is, shall this beautiful young woman be forced to languish away her lonelyest years in a duck prison cell? Or shall she be set free to return to her cozy little apartment at 2112 Riverside Drive--there to spend her lonely, loveless hours in her bedroom, long beside her little Princess phone, 699-6666?"

As dawn broke, the girl, minus pants, lay and suffering from a hangover, flopped wearily onto her bed. "Damn," she mumbled as her roommate awoke, "I think I've been had again. Just how legal is a quickie marriage in a Mexican restaurant?"



**"Three-of-a-kind"
always beats a good pair**



**and your
newsagent is the dealer.**

\$20 TO \$100,000 IN JUST FIVE YEARS

A MEAGRE BANK of \$20 which grew to the COLOSSAL FORTUNE of \$100,000 in the last five years is the FANTASTIC SUCCESS STORY — but GUARANTEED GENUINE RECORD — of the SENSATIONAL

"ROYAL ROUTINE SYSTEM"

The greatest, most infallible 100 percent certain method of winning a fortune from the bookmakers, perfected and put into the hands of the ordinary everyday racing enthusiast. And if you doubt the truth of this statement — TAKE A GOOD LONG LOOK at the following WINNERS over the last fortnight prior to this paper going to press — every one guaranteed to generate "ROYAL ROUTINE" "CLEAN-UP".

COMPARE THEM WITH YOUR OWN EFFORTS!

NOTE: All winning bets have to be made five or more before publication. See below for exact dates, which appear on November 1968.

Bathurst 14/8/68			Bathurst 14/8/68		
MAJOR GRANT	WON	10/1	AMOUNT FACE	WON	2/1
MUNITION	WON	7/1	MINOTTI PARADE	WON	2/1
PROBE CLASH	WON	11/2	SEEN EAR	WON	4/1
QUICK TEN	WON	7/5	TRUCKER	WON	7/5
ROD LANE	WON	5/1			
Canterbury 4/8/68			Canterbury 4/8/68		
ARCTICULAR	WON	12/1	IN CAPS	WON	11/2
GREEN BARGE	WON	10/1	SCAMANDRA	WON	2/1
PRINCE CLASH	WON	4/1	MAHARAJA	WON	4/1
BARONET DAY	WON	4/1	THE PRESIDENT	WON	2/1
					(4/1) each 1/2
Bathurst 11/8/68			Murray Valley 10/8/68		
ROBERT'S COAST	WON	10/1	LAMBERT	WON	10/1
DAVE TALK	WON	5/1	ROBERT'S PARADE	WON	4/1
RODING	WON	11/2	DISCIPLE TALK	WON	7/1
REPERFORGE	WON	5/1	TRUCKER	WON	4/1
			BARONET	WON	4/1
Bathurst 16/7/68			Murray Valley 16/7/68		
EXORD	WON	14/1	THAT PRO	WON	10/1
SHARMA	WON	4/1	HERDIA	WON	10/1
MAJOR TEN	WON	11/2	MIDGARD	WON	5/1
COLLET	WON	3/1	BARONET	WON	4/1

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Turf Investments hereby guarantee to refund the purchase price in full if the "ROYAL ROUTINE" does not show a substantial profit in the six months' period immediately after purchase or if any statements made in this advertisement are proved incorrect.

NOTE: You are dealing with the oldest established and most reputable firm of Turf Consultants in Australia. We have been in business at the same address for over 30 years.

- Average of Winners is 80% — one in every two races.
- NO SHORT-PRICED SELECTIONS — Average odds are 5/1.
- LONG-ODD WINNERS a regular feature — up to 100/1 recorded.
- SIMPLE TO OPERATE — all bets CLEARLY INDICATED by the very plenty of "Victory Rules" and "Clean-up" messages.
- NO CHANCE of making a mistake and backing a wrong selection, even if you do not know anything about racing.
- No waiting through race after race for the odd bet to crop up, as with many other methods. "ROYAL ROUTINE" GIVES A BET IN EVERY RACE.
- It is based on an important and ORIGINAL PRINCIPLE which INFALLIBLY overcomes that killer of other systems — a long run of odds.
- Can be repeated 5 P.M. or later and applied with ROYAL SUCCESS in Galleries, Tatters or Bays ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD.
- Only a VERY SMALL BANK necessary to commence operations.

THE ABSOLUTE ULTIMATE IN RACING SYSTEMS — THE FABULOUS, INFALLIBLE

"ROYAL ROUTINE SYSTEM"

AND IT CAN BE YOURS
— FOR JUST 20 DOLLARS

This is the greatest opportunity that will come your way to make racing as profitable as it is enjoyable.

DON'T LET IT PASS YOU BY — Fill in the Ordering Coupon NOW!

TURF INVESTMENTS,
BOX 1849, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W. 2001.

Enclosed please find TWENTY DOLLARS (\$20) for which, using me, by return mail, your Price Guide of the "ROYAL ROUTINE SYSTEM" is undertaken. This is the fee and only payment I have to make to obtain your full information, as contained (you responsibility accepted by unregistered and containing cash or postal orders) (PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Postcode _____

NOTE: Some business address for post 20 pence

ADVERT